



THE
SATURDAY REVIEW
OF
POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 2,670 Vol. 102.

29 December 1906.

6d.

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We beg leave to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications: and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The air is thick with political rumours, and gossip about ministerial changes is the staple conversation of every dinner-table. The question is, who is to succeed Mr. Bryce as Chief Secretary for Ireland? That Mr. Winston Churchill must be admitted to the vacant seat in the Cabinet appears to be unquestioned: but then the Irish Nationalists will not hear of him as Chief Secretary, because, as they put it in their coarse way, they do not trust him. It takes years of perfervid zeal for his new faith before an apostate ever is trusted: and it seems that the Irish Nationalists are afraid, in the event of a general strike against rent and interest, that a cadet of the house of Marlborough might develop inconvenient views about "law and order". Then, again, it is whispered that Mr. Churchill's seat in Manchester is by no means safe.

But if Mr. Churchill cannot go to Ireland, why not Mr. Birrell? The Irish have no objection to Mr. Birrell, at present: but for Mr. Birrell to leave a post for which he is so pre-eminently fitted as the Education Department, because he has failed to carry his Bill, would look like petulance. Besides, who could succeed Mr. Birrell at Whitehall? If Mr. Paul had cultivated, ever so little, the art of being agreeable, and had not always despised the trick of politeness, he has many qualifications for Mr. Birrell's office. It is said that Mr. John Burns is wearying of the constant contact with his former associates which his duties at the Local Government Board compel, and that he may be

the new Minister of Education. After all, the difficulty might be solved by sending Mr. Lloyd-George, who is a pleasant person, to Ireland, and making Mr. Churchill President of the Board of Trade. Quite the most ludicrous canard started by the press was that Sir Algernon West would be the new Chief Secretary. We feel sure that this was a mistake for Sir West Ridgeway; but both men are about as fitted for the post as the doorkeeper of the House of Commons.

Mr. James Bryce's appointment as British Ambassador at Washington has at any rate the advantage that every educated American has heard of him. And certainly Americans ought to like him, for Mr. Bryce has never lost an opportunity to compare America with England to the disadvantage of his own country. Intellectually Mr. Bryce is well up to ambassadorial form; the "Holy Roman Empire" is voucher enough for that; and he has long moved familiarly in the political world; this also is in his favour. Were he equally at home in society he might make quite a good ambassador, at any rate from the point of view of the present Government. One thing we may look for with certainty from this appointment; another book on America.

One important passage in Mr. Roosevelt's recent Message has already received an unfortunate illustration in Mississippi. Here riots have occurred in which at least fifteen persons, mostly negroes, have met their death. It began with a fight between negroes in a train in which the conductor was stabbed; he then used his revolver and a pitched battle ensued which resulted in the usual way by the black man getting the worst of it. There is unhappily no prospect of any drastic dealing with these outbreaks which are a disgrace to civilisation. Incidentally, they serve to enforce another of Mr. Roosevelt's favourite dicta, that the Central Power requires strengthening at the expense of the States. Federal authority, unswayed by local considerations, might in the end put a stop to such

ruffianism by impartial severity. No State officials will ever dare to do it.

The truce between parties in Cuba has proved to be short-lived. Lawless bands, probably not permanently attached to any one party, are roving about the province of Santa Clara. The American general in command has ordered up reinforcements, and the United States troops have to undertake for the first time the suppression of disorders which the Cuban forces are clearly incompetent to deal with. This is only what was expected by everyone, and the Cuban natives have long ago demonstrated their unfitness for autonomy. No impartial observer ever believed that they were capable of governing themselves. They are among the peoples for whom liberty is the most fatal gift.

The Tripartite Agreement made between Great Britain, France and Italy regarding Abyssinia, or perhaps we should include Abyssinia and call it Quadruple, has attracted more attention in France than in England. It amounts virtually to a division of Abyssinia into spheres of influence, England's being Abyssinia proper and the Blue Nile district, Italy's the countries bordering on Eritrea, that of France Harrar and the countries behind French Somaliland. The French acquire the right to continue the railway from Jibuti to Adis Abeba. West of that place England is to make the line. The other two contracting parties in each case will have representatives on the directing boards. We reserve the right to build a railway from the frontier of our Somaliland to the Sudan across Ethiopia. The arrangement (if correctly summarised) seems satisfactory so long as our relations with France remain friendly, otherwise it may be fraught with trouble. The Italian colonial record does not lead us to anticipate much assistance from that quarter if we ever find ourselves in a tight place.

Raisuli, no doubt the biggest man in Morocco, has been deposed by order of the Sultan, with the assistance of the "Times" correspondent. Unless the Maghzen really intends to undertake the protection of life and property itself, it would seem to be a pity that it should deprive civilisation of the assistance of this enterprising brigand who has, at times, for a consideration, appeared on the side of order. The career of Raisuli may after all be cut short, for his followers may desert him. We confess that we should not contemplate without a certain regret the disappearance of a picturesque robber, the only person in Morocco who stands out as a man of character and, according to Mr. Walter Harris, has never been photographed or interviewed.

If one may judge from the telegraphed reports of Mr. Naoroji's address to the Indian Congress at Calcutta, it was compounded of the usual fallacies. Perhaps the greatest fallacy of all is the claim that the Congress—the invention of a disappointed Englishman—really represents all India. Its real constituency is itself. Mr. Naoroji's programme is sufficiently thorough. The entire administration, the finances—especially the finances—and the defence of the country by land and sea, are to be handed over to natives, presumably the members of the Congress as the only universally representative body. Plague, poverty, war and famine are immediately to cease. A series of Petitions of Right and an organised agitation conducted by "political missionaries" in all parts of the country is to begin.

Mr. Morley has struck out a new idea in the most recent appointment to the Indian Council. Hitherto non-official members have been chosen because they were experts in commercial and financial matters lying outside the ordinary scope of official experience. In every other department the most highly qualified persons have naturally been found among the various Indian services. Mr. Morison, the new member, was for a good many years a professor, and subsequently the Principal of the Mohammedan College at Aligarh,

a post from which he has recently retired. His range of activity has not however been purely academic. He has read and written on the political, economical and social sides of Indian affairs. His views have been generally progressive, if sometimes a little visionary. From his connexion with the Aligarh College he is in close touch with the Mohammedan party in India. In this circumstance most probably can be found the reason of his appointment. He will not be embarrassed by any practical experience of the various branches of administration in the control of which he will now have to take a part.

As the result of the general election in Australia it is assumed that Mr. Deakin will remain in office, whilst some one else enjoys power. Labour commands a majority over any other party, but its opponents are so strong that it would probably not find it easy to repeat the experiment of forming a Government. Mr. Deakin and Mr. Reid both stood as anti-socialists, but whilst the one got back with nineteen followers and the other with sixteen, Labour has twenty-six. To complicate the situation there is an anti-labour party of fourteen. Mr. Deakin obviously must continue to "play up" to the Labour men if he wishes to avoid the defeat which awaits him the moment he drives them into Mr. Reid's arms by lending ear to the anti-labour section. As the Government and Labour both favour closer commercial relations with Great Britain, the elections have not ended unsatisfactorily from the Imperial point of view.

If the rebel remnant in South-West Africa had designed to make the dissolved Reichstag look exceedingly foolish, it might be thought that it could not adopt a more effectual means than surrender at this time. The Government urged that, having spent millions in a protracted campaign, it was absurd to throw away the whole fruits for the sake of a small supplementary outlay. The submission of Johannes Christian and his followers in the Heirakhabis country leaves a few men still in the field, but their numbers are insignificant, and before the election, which has been brought about by South-West African troubles, can take place four weeks hence, those troubles, from the military point of view at any rate, will probably be at an end. As an electioneering event the Kaiser and Prince Bülow, we should have thought, could wish for nothing better. Yet both Radicals and Clericals are claiming that the surrender shows the justification for the Reichstag's rejection of the Colonial vote. It will be astonishing if the electors endorse this special pleading.

Murders like that of Count Alexis Ignatieff are deliberately planned and executed for the purpose of driving the Russian Government to severe measures out of which revolutionary capital can be made. The difficulty of steering a middle course is seen to be enormous when that ultra-conservative party, the Union of the Russian People, who present M. Stolypin with not a few of his difficulties, condole with Count Ignatieff's widow on the death of the "heroic champion of their ideas". It would be so easy to be led into mere savage repression in face of such a murder as that of Count Ignatieff. But M. Stolypin with the encouragement of the Tsar goes steadily on with his policy; and an Imperial Ukase has definitely fixed the elections for the next Douma to be held in February—almost simultaneously throughout Russia. This is probably one of those measures taken not improperly by the Government to influence the elections. It is quite justified in reducing as far as possible the numbers of the impracticable parties of the first Douma; and experience showed then that the winning of a few early elections gave them a great advantage at others held later.

The French Government continues to play its part in the squalid drama it has inaugurated not without astuteness. It does not intend to close the churches, that would be an act of gratuitous folly which M. Clemenceau is not fanatic enough to embark upon. A provincial mayor has even been rudely called to order for over-acting his part. But the difficulty of dealing

with the sacred buildings can only be deferred. In a few months time the question of ownership and control must be dealt with. The Vatican believes that time is on the side of the Pope, and will act accordingly. Troubles are threatening in the south of Brittany, and any marked brutality on the part of the Government would lead to a disastrous outbreak. A few disturbances are recorded in different parts of the country, but the majority of Catholic demonstrations have been orderly, as at Rouen, where the behaviour of a crowd of six thousand sympathisers was particularly impressive by reason of its peaceable and yet determined demeanour.

The papers here, as might be expected, are already full of suggestions how Churchmen may improve the hour—shining or glooming according to the point of view—of the Education Bill's disappearance. Lord Cross comes forward with the suggestion that the Church should voluntarily renounce all contributions from rates towards payment for denominational religious teaching. The idea apparently is that we should grant as an act of grace what we decline to admit as a claim of right. Payment for denominational teaching by the local authority was disallowed under the Bill; and Churchmen wisely did not demur. But that was a question of letting lesser matters go in order to save the weightier. We were dealing with a proposal of the enemy. To do this on our own motion involves some latent difficulties.

If the passive resisters' claim is one of conscience at all, it can be met only by making payment for all religious teaching in non-provided schools private; for the teachers teach avowedly as denominationalists all through. Also, this concession would commit Churchmen to the view that the State need not contribute at all towards the expense of religious education; and, if unaccompanied by a release from any obligation on Churchmen to pay for undenominational teaching, would be an admission that the State ought to pay for undenominational but not for denominational teaching. Others have suggested that ratepayers should be allowed to earmark "denominational" or "undenominational" the portion of the rate that was to go to religious teaching. This we would accept with the best grace in the world: but we fear nonconformists would not be very thankful for the boon. They would have to pay for Cowper-Temple religion on a scale they have never known yet.

By universal consent Principal Rainy was the chief ecclesiastical figure in Scottish Presbyterianism. The Established Church feared him as a more dangerous leader of the disestablishment movement than the more robustious but less wily Boanerges of the United Presbyterians, the open disestablishers and voluntaries on principle. Luckily for the Scottish Church Principal Rainy made his Home Rule bargain with Mr. Gladstone and the Church was saved by the consequent dissensions. But Rainy succeeded at last in uniting the Free Church, a Church that until his influence became potent had been aggressively anti-voluntarist, with the United Presbyterians, a quite astonishing feat as Scotsmen know. He would have done it before, but Dr. Begg and his Highlanders withstood even to the death. When Dr. Begg died the only foe man worthy of his steel departed; but Dr. Begg's threats of disruption and taking the property of the Free Church were fulfilled by the decision of the House of Lords which restored to the "Wee Frees" what the "United Frees" had taken from them. More personally interesting even than this struggle was the balance which Rainy held between the new school of Free Church theologians and the old. To both of them he seemed often a Mr. Facing Both Ways; but he managed to keep them together until the day came for the United Free.

Professor F. W. Maitland was not only one of the most learned of English jurists but he had the most literary style since Blackstone. He was erudite enough to be a German and he could write books that an Englishman could read. Sir Frederick Pollock,

his coadjutor in that deeply interesting book the "History of English Law", has alone the same charm of style in equal degree. Professor Maitland was the chief figure in the historical school of English jurists who have superseded the abstract methods of the Austinian jurisprudence. He did for English law something of what Bishop Stubbs did for English history, but he had a literary art which Bishop Stubbs had not. Much of his work was caviare to the general public, even to the legal profession itself. He was the sort of worker whose results will filter down in course of time into the compendia of non-research professors and tutors and become the commonplaces of the youthful student. But the "History of English Law" is a book for any cultivated reader and is not less readable than the Life of Sir Leslie Stephen.

Old Westminster will probably accept with lively gratitude Dr. Gow's apology for the Latin pronunciation affected in the Westminster play. Most of them would certainly not recognise Terence pronounced as Latin, according to the head-masters' fiat, henceforward is to be pronounced. Some of them, if truth were told, possibly do not follow the Latin too easily as it is. But old boys could not be expected to admit this explanation of their vote for the retention of the old style in the Westminster play: fortunately there is no need for them to do so. They can always fall back on loyalty to the ancient ways. Thus, Dr. Gow tells us, have the lines been spoken for two hundred and fifty years. Who dare break so old a tradition? But on merits Dr. Gow is for the new pronunciation, as we call it, though really it is the old or at any rate it is believed to be the old, for that is the case set up for it. On the whole we are on the side of the head-masters. But it is not the historic argument that Augustan Romans so pronounced Latin which moves us. We feel the absurdity of a purely insular pronunciation of the common language of science; a language which might still be of supreme international value. Spoken in the new way, Latin is intelligible to every European.

Wordsworth's tower fell through the "unimaginable touch of time". The Dean and Chapter of Canterbury have not the consolation of ascribing the defacement of Canterbury Cathedral to this poetic cause. One cannot be pathetic, only indignant, on learning that the cause is nothing more nor less than coal-smoke. Thousands of pounds have had to be spent and thousands more will have to be spent in removing the stonework corroded by this foulness. And yet we have laws for smoke prevention; only they are not enforced. The result as described by Mr. Carøe the architect is that after all that can be done is done the glamour of the ancient handicraft is irreparably spoilt. Protestantism destroyed the abbeys; commercialism is now destroying the cathedrals. There is still piety to mitigate it, as appears by the Dean of Canterbury's letter announcing a gift of £500, on condition of seven other equal contributions being promised.

Mr. Sydney Holland's word war with Sir Henry Burdett about the abuse of hospitals by out-patients will never be settled as long as hospitals are kept up by charity. Naturally a prominent organiser of charity does not admit that his clients are unfit recipients: on the other hand doctors see the matter in another light. But if Sir Henry Burdett pities the doctors, they will not thank him for advising wards for patients who can pay. And yet it is quite true there ought to be such wards; the patients however would not pay all the expenses. Is the public charity to pay the difference? There would be a greater outcry about that than about out-patients. People who can pay something are those who are fleeced by expensive medical or surgical fees and nursing homes. The poor people are well enough off in the hospitals. Municipal hospitals would be a refuge for both; but they would not be agreeable either to doctors or charity organisers: though in Germany they are regular municipal institutions.

The time may come when alongside all the attractive advertisements of meat extracts and essences there will also be extracts from reports of the Inspector of Foods, the Local Government Board's new branch.

Tinned goods are liable to get "tinned" in a chemical sense, and thus become capable of setting up acute poisoning. By a lucky chance, according to a report just issued, 30,000 tins of meat essence imported in the early part of the year were discovered to be unfit for use and were all destroyed. They came from South Africa, where they had been sold after the war. Originally the material was probably wholesome, but where food is packed in tins there must be danger after a time. The Chicago manufacturers were particularly anxious not to have to put the date of canning on their goods. The 12,000 tins of canned meats of all kinds seized and destroyed in the City a short time ago had also been imported from South Africa.

Those who enjoy the "picturesqueness" of the squalid rows of toy-hawkers on Ludgate Hill at Christmas have a bad taste. The sight of trashy articles, made at starvation wages, and sold at trashy prices to trashy purchasers by half-starved sellers, is not exactly either aesthetically or economically pleasing. The unfortunate thing is that if it is not aggregated at Ludgate Hill it will go on sporadically all over the City: whether we have one or the other is only a question of street regulation. But if we cannot stop derelict men and women from doing what they can to stave off starvation, it is not so with very young children. Neither at Ludgate Hill nor elsewhere ought they to be allowed to sell articles in the street. The City Town Clerk, Sir Homewood Crawford, states that regulations are now before the Home Secretary under the Employment of Children Act, 1903, but London has been behind other large towns in putting the Act into operation, as Sir John Gorst in his recent book points out. These baby hawkers ought to have disappeared before; even at the cost of hunters of the picturesque being deprived of one of their Christmas treats.

Mr. Henniker-Heaton is in clover indeed: a third whole page of the "Times" to himself, for no one reads any of the names below Mr. Heaton's, unless it be the unhappy proof-reader. Three pages of free advertisement is not bad business. Yet is it free? Who pays for the stamps of all the letters to these memorialists, and to the far larger number who do not answer? Even so it will not be expensive advertisement. Mr. Heaton's part in the matter is entirely intelligible; but what is the "Times'" object? It is not generally considered good policy to hold out signals of distress before you must. But when you must, well then you can't help it. Again, is it wise to proclaim to the world that you have so little use for your space that you can afford to give a whole page to Mr. Henniker-Heaton?

Snow has discovered a new terror in the motor-omnibus. We had hardly dreamt till now of its capacity for flinging mud. It was always well for those who do not like mud, or dust, to keep at a respectful distance from a passing motor; but on Thursday the pedestrian in Regent Street found a respectful distance of no avail at all. Artificial thaw had made Regent Street—most of the road and some of the pavement—a sea of mud; and the motor-omnibus, rejoicing in the less traffic of the neither-play-nor-work day that follows Bank holiday, dashed through the waves unhindered—throwing a jet of mud fully twenty feet either side. Leviathan could hardly have made more stir. Wretched pedestrians, contracted to their very smallest, might be seen jamming themselves against the shop windows, like an ill-used cur flattened against the wall to avoid a kick. Even so they were fortunate if they went unspattered.

But snow has its beauty in London too. Let anyone stand with his back to the Temple fountain and look down the Middle Temple garden, across the smooth sheet of white and the trees, to the water. Through the winter mist, if there is a gleam of sun, a barge or a steamer passing across the space of river visible through the alley of buildings shows as fairy-like as anything in the country. But Heaven forbid that an L.C.C. tramcar should pass before you have turned away—the picture and the memory will be spoilt.

PEACE AND THE NATIONS.

AT the close of a year it is customary if not logical to survey the world's affairs, but the wise have long ago learned that though retrospect may be instructive, prospect is encompassed by pitfalls. Still comparing the close of the present year with its beginning we recognise a more hopeful aspect of European relations. When last year came to an end the negotiations of Algeciras sat heavy on men's minds. It seemed an even chance that the end might be war or its preliminaries; but though the situation in Morocco is even more disturbed than it was a year ago, no conflict has resulted from it. Fortunately this has been in no sense due to any weakening on Britain's part, for all nations separated declaring themselves equally satisfied with the decisions arrived at. All desired to avoid an armed conflict, and few cared about the condition of the country. Subsequent events have hardly tended to commend the united sagacity of Christendom in the eyes of the Moors, for anarchy continues to rage unchecked and the representatives of the Powers must have lost whatever prestige they may have possessed in the country. The last month has seen a spasmodic attempt on the part of the two Powers, who claimed the premier right to enforce law and order, to impress the Moors with the conviction that something was going to be done at last. But Spain has not the power and the French Government is too busy harrying Christianity to involve itself with the followers of the Prophet. How long Europe will permit the continuance of this humiliating situation we cannot conjecture, but the nervous protestations of the French representatives that they meditate no aggressive designs upon Morocco do not encourage us to hope for any very effectual intervention. The Oriental is by nature dilatory, but so soon as he perceives that his opponent is really in earnest he moves quickly enough in the direction desired. Nothing has been done yet to make any Moor believe that France means business or that she is determined to perform at all hazards the obligations for which she clamoured. To "sneak meanly out of difficulties into which they proudly strutted" appears to be the aim of successive ministries which have lost their claim to the respect of the world since they hurriedly sacrificed the one man who had gained universal consideration for French policy. "*Parcere superbis et debellare subiectos*" is not the traditional policy of a proud and sensitive nation; we may hope that it is only transitory, but we have not been able for some years to pretend that the decadence of France as a Great Power is doubtful to any observer who contemplates with impartiality the history of the last decade. That good feeling should signalise our relations with her is no doubt happy, but we cannot believe that these good relations will be strengthened by an hysterical habit of eternal embracing in public.

As for this country, we are perhaps on a more satisfactory footing so far as Europe is concerned at the close of the year than we were at the beginning. Our relations with Germany are certainly less strained. We have never believed that there was any excuse for a quarrel between the two nations, either in sentiment or policy. Common sense must at last make its way even in international affairs, and both nations seem to be appreciating the absurdity of the position they occupied in circling round one another like snarling dogs without even the excuse of a common object of desire.

The development of events since the close of the Russo-Japanese war has led to a well-meant attempt to settle points of difference between Russia and England. Events in Persia will probably give us the chance ere long of appreciating the possibility of arranging one long standing dispute in anything like a permanent fashion. It is hardly credible that Russia should be willing to abandon altogether her ambitions in the direction of the Persian Gulf. In the north of Persia she has for long been supreme; nor are there any signs that her internal troubles have in any way loosened her hold upon Central or Western Asia. For the time her influence in European affairs is to a great extent suspended, but we apprehend that with the

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progress of events a gradual loosening of the ties which unite her with France will become evident.

The waning of the Triple Alliance which has been a marked feature of the European situation for some time has become more marked during the last twelve months. In fact its *raison d'être* has almost ceased to exist. The spectre which haunted Bismarck of a strongly Catholic France united with Austria and the Papacy, threatening Germany and Italy, has long ceased to have an existence even in nightmares. France and Italy are for the time united in policy and trade interests and they both have a quarrel with the Church, though Italy's relations with the Vatican are likely in the end to profit by the alienation of France. On the other hand Austria and Italy, unless they can come to some agreement about Balkan affairs, are in danger some day of coming into collision. The declarations of policy made during the last week by the Ministers of both Powers show at all events that a sense of impending danger is leading them to attempt some agreement on a common policy in the event of outbreaks which are continually predicted and always postponed. What has postponed them is not the reluctance of the States who would be protagonists but the certainty that their ambitions would be frustrated by the interference of more formidable Powers who cannot afford to allow the long predicted explosion to wreck the foundations of European peace. Anyone who has superficially glanced at the Macedonian imbroglio is well aware of the countless difficulties which must beset any possible solution hitherto proposed. The last suggestion, thrown out by the Foreign Ministers of Austria-Hungary and Italy and confirmed by the Minister of Finance speaking to the Hungarian Delegation at Buda-Pesth, is that in the event of the failure of the reforms now supposed to be in progress in Macedonia a solution will be found in racial autonomy, Albania being separately treated. How this solution is to be carried out may puzzle the curious, for there is no hard and fast dividing line between Macedonian races, though such a line may be roughly drawn. It may be hoped that the warring populations may learn before long that mutual massacres are not the short cut to the favour of the Powers, and that the extirpation of a rival creed in a locality does not entitle the aggressors to claim the reversion of the villages. This idea seems especially to have inspired the policy of Greece in recent years. As she has shown lately more sanity in her Cretan policy, it may be hoped that she has begun to comprehend the profound disgust and resentment with which the barbarities of her compatriots in Macedonia have been viewed by the civilised world. Europe will watch with interest the developments which will follow upon the adoption of universal suffrage in Austria. A similar step in Hungary is only delayed by the fears of the Magyars that it may destroy the basis of their power to dominate that kingdom; but the successful conference at Agram may have opened an era of better relations between Croatia, Slavonia and Hungary. This grouping of interests does not make for greater stability in the Empire, but certainly opens out a new vista for Italian and Hungarian policy on the Adriatic.

Japan for the moment appears as the only kill-joy at the international Agapemone. We do not mean this as any reflection upon her statesmen; the differences in her settlement with Russia are grossly exaggerated and neither Power desires another war. Japanese finances could not stand it. But some white races are beginning to experience a singular cooling in the enthusiasm with which they received at first an Asiatic race as an equal among the Great Powers. There is no resisting the logic of the sword, and it would be fatuous to evade the conclusions forced upon us by events. The time indeed may be comparatively brief before we find ourselves in considerable embarrassment owing to the relations between Japan and the United States. The latter Power is faced, not for the first time, with the necessity of finding an answer to a problem which is a knot that may be cut but cannot be untied. How will they square their obligations as a world-Power with the demands of an instrument originally instituted to secure the practical autonomy

of the Union's component parts? The only choice before American statesmen seems to be to violate a solemn treaty or the Constitution. The momentous decision may be postponed as exigency may not be Japan's cue for the moment; but the difficulty is of so grave a nature that its existence seems the menace of the hour. The approach of another Hague Conference excites neither hope nor fear, for the strong man armed is still the only efficient guardian of the gates of Janus.

OUR AMBASSADOR AT WASHINGTON.

MR. JAMES BRYCE'S appointment to the British Embassy at Washington makes one think of a familiar resource of junior barristers. Marriage, or a miracle, or a book were said by Lord Chancellor Campbell to be three means by which a junior could make a successful start in practice at the Bar. Legal bookmaking is probably the most general of the three devices, and there are certainly some very distinguished barristers who owe their first beginning of success to a book. A book on election law did much to help Mr. Asquith, for instance. But one could hardly say that the making of books is an established method of push in the profession of politics. Mr. Bryce is perhaps not quite making a precedent, but he is certainly one of a small class. He wrote a book on America and the Americans and he has obtained the British Embassy at Washington. It is no doubt conceivable that Mr. Bryce would have been appointed to Washington if he had not written "The American Commonwealth", but we should say it was very improbable. No other reason for his appointment occurs to us spontaneously, though one might perhaps discover or invent other reasons, if one tried. We had not understood that the Prime Minister regarded Mr. Bryce as so disastrous a failure in Ireland as to be anxious to take the first opportunity to move him without friction. If this were the explanation of the appointment, it would not be the first of its kind. From earliest times Governments have had recourse to distant appointments to withdraw colleagues or public servants from inconvenient proximity. And colonial appointments have probably more often than not been given for reasons irrelevant to the fitness for the work of the man selected. Still we see no reason to think that Mr. Bryce is an illustration of punishment by promotion. If he were, we are very sure he would welcome his punishment. We cannot conceive this dry and bookish Scot being at home in Irish atmosphere, nor should we find it very easy to imagine the Irish nation, with its peculiar genius of brilliancy and charm, inconsolable at Mr. Bryce's departure. No doubt for political ends anybody can be made welcome; but even if Mr. Bryce appealed to the Irish head, he can hardly have thrilled the Irish heart. If there were other good reasons for sending Mr. Bryce to America, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman may well have felt that the reasons for keeping him in Ireland were not absolutely imperative. None the less it does not look like treating Ireland very seriously to take away the Chief Secretary within twelve months of his appointment. It cannot be good for any department, and no more for the Irish Office than for any other, to be having a new head at every turn. The Parliamentary chief is, of course, a political person, and does not affect the regular administration very actually: still his frequent change necessarily stirs a feeling of unrest which is not helpful to quiet, good work. Either Ireland suffered by Mr. Bryce's appointment to the Irish Secretaryship or will suffer by his leaving it. The Prime Minister can justify his action only on the ground of some extraordinary fitness in Mr. Bryce to represent this country at Washington. This brings us back to what we were saying, that no other peculiar fitness suggests itself to us but the authorship of "The American Commonwealth". The Prime Minister might have remembered that other things than learning, even than intellectual ability, count in diplomatic work. The social factor cannot be ignored, or can be ignored only with disastrous results; and not least in the United States. This element tends in

countries highly advanced in Western civilisation continually to increase in importance, as rapidity and certainty of communication has reduced the significance of diplomatic appointments on the side of intellect and initiative. Mr. Bryce is not an especially happy speaker, as in these days an ambassador ought to be. He need not be a great speaker, hardly a good one, but he ought to be a felicitous speaker. But Mr. Bryce is not likely to commit blazing indiscretions. On the whole we are thrown back on the book as the explanation of the appointment. Well, the "American Commonwealth" is a good book, take it as a whole, so we have no particular objection in this case to book-making bringing its reward. There is no harm in other countries seeing that we have a statesman who can write a good book; neither is there any harm in budding politicians inferring that literary culture pays. But we should not like the precedent to be too generally followed. It would be a great addition to the boredom of life if all our young politicians were to begin writing books in the hope of their pushing them into the Cabinet or an embassy.

It is quite true, and a point to be considered, that owing to his "American Commonwealth" Mr. Bryce will be a familiar name to educated Americans, and owing to the tone of the book a persona grata to them. This is what probably weighed most with the Prime Minister. He was sending to Washington a notorious philo-American. Americans might safely be expected to receive with open arms an Englishman, a Scotchman to be exact, who has recorded with enthusiasm his conviction that the United States have a far greater and more brilliant future to look forward to than the British Empire. Also it might not unreasonably be inferred that a man who proposed to make in writing a comprehensive survey of the American people would take some trouble to know a good deal about them, as the book in fact showed that he did. The "American Commonwealth" is a very interesting book and, due allowance being made for the author's point of view and the twist which it gives to everything he describes or criticises, we should say it gives a fairly true as well as vivid picture of the American nation. But we have known Americans who strongly denied this; who said that Mr. Bryce had not understood either the persons or the institutions with which he was dealing. Not that there is much significance in this. No matter how true an account of a people might be, there would always be some of the people described, apart from persons or classes actually attacked, to say the account was untrue. We mention the fact only that it may not be supposed that there is general agreement as to Mr. Bryce's story of America and the Americans. But the passionate bias towards everything American which pervades the whole book does suggest a serious question when its author is chosen to represent the British Empire in the United States. It is a question whether Mr. Bryce will not represent America when his business is to represent England. An ambassador had better, of course, be persona grata to the nation to whose government he is accredited; but he should not be acceptable in the sense that he is a more willing and more efficient champion of their interests than of the interests he officially represents. We can well believe, we cannot indeed believe otherwise, that whenever there is a discrepancy between American and British opinion and American and British interests, Mr. Bryce will spontaneously incline to the American view, and if his head be against America, his heart will always be on her side; and his heart will pull his head round. That is the process all through the two volumes of his book. The facts he adduces all point one way; his inferences all the other. Time after time pages of acute and damaging criticism of American institutions are brushed aside by an inconsequently optimistic conclusion. "But the American spirit will prevent these grave dangers having the results they would in the old world" &c. "The American does not see things as we do, and he will find a way out." (These are not textual quotations but summaries.) Here we obviously have a man who does not want to see things as they are; who is content to deceive himself that he may have the pleasure of believing things to be as he wants them to be. As

Mr. Bryce will always want the Americans to be right, he will have little difficulty in persuading himself that they are right. Mr. Roosevelt and his Ministers would indeed be as thankless as shortsighted if they did not welcome Mr. Bryce to Washington. It may be that the Ambassador will not persuade his Sovereign through his Ministers of American rectitude so easily as he will persuade himself; but, in the prevailing doctrine of the moment that the Americans are to be conciliated at any and every cost, the Ambassador's philo-American bias is all too likely to be accepted as an impartial and therefore correct judgment. Should there be an opportunity, we may look for more Alaskan surrenders. Americans will be able to build their canals and revise their copyright with as little respect for British interests as before. It is safe to snub the British lion has long been a maxim of American diplomacy. Mr. Bryce may be trusted to convert it into an axiom. Canada may well look askance at his appointment. But in her relation to the United States Canada has been given away so often by the statesmen who are called Imperial that she is likely in future to take her affairs into her own hands. But it may be with results disastrous to the British Empire. Canada, unable to get any reciprocity from this country, may regard herself as driven into reciprocity with the United States. Mr. Bryce would welcome the move. In the negotiations leading up to it we do not at all like the idea of British interests being represented by him. Mr. Bryce knows that reciprocity between the United States and Canada, shutting out England, would make an Imperial preferential tariff impossible. The conversion of the loose collection of lands and peoples we call the British Empire into a real empire would also become impossible.

A SCANDALOUS COMMISSION.

FROM a discreditable desire to make party capital out of the administration of the police certain members of Parliament induced the Home Secretary to appoint a Royal Commission to inquire into the conduct of the Metropolitan force, more particularly with reference to the regulation of the streets at night. A strong Home Secretary would not have listened to such a demand. We remember the case of Miss Cass, of which the D'Angelo case is a sort of pendant, and the calmly contemptuous way in which Mr. Secretary Matthews refused to take any notice of the vapourings of the House of Commons about the behaviour of the police. Mr. Matthews was a lawyer, as well as Home Secretary, and he said it was a question of evidence, for which he intended to wait. Mr. Herbert Gladstone is not a lawyer, nor a strong Home Secretary, and instead of waiting for further evidence in the D'Angelo case, he weakly consented to the appointment of a Royal Commission. This august body, composed, we admit, of good men, has now been sitting and inquiring intermittently for some months. A Royal Commission costs something, we do not know in this case how much, per diem: at all events the Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police is represented at each sitting by eminent counsel at the public expense. What is the justification for this waste of time and money? What outline of a case against the police has been made out. The brothels and taverns of the metropolis have been raked in the endeavour to trump up some sort of evidence against the police. But nothing has been proved, nothing, except that occasionally in a scuffle outside a public-house a constable has jabbed his elbow at a thief's stomach, or even used his truncheon. Two whole sittings were taken up with the case of a draper's traveller who chose to dun an omnibus-driver on his perch for his "little bill". Neither the place, outside the "Angel", nor the time, noon, seemed to the driver who was being dunned, or to the constable who was listening as "amicus curiæ", to have been well chosen. And it is more than likely that the language addressed to the importunate creditor by his debtor and even by the guardian of the peace was not that of Dr. Johnson. Indeed we seem to remember, though we are not sure, that it was proved that the gentleman in blue "molliter manus imposuit"

upon the collar of the bagman, and haled him to the station. But what sort of rubbish is this for a Royal Commission to listen to? It may be answered that the Commissioners will present a Report exonerating the police from all the charges brought against them, and that in this way good will be done. But we protest against the degradation of a Royal Commission into a scandalous court before which all "bookies", thieves and prostitutes in London can appear with their grievance against the police. It is not only a waste of public time and money: it cannot fail to have a demoralising effect upon the police force. Sixteen thousand men are entrusted with the duty of keeping order amongst a population of six millions, and protecting their property, whose value defies calculation. There is a large class of professional criminals, and London is the refuge of some of the worst scoundrels in Europe.

What is the testimony, not of the witnesses before the Royal Commission, but of visitors from every country on the globe as to the manner in which the Metropolitan Police discharge their duty? The very first remark which the stranger in London invariably makes is, What splendid fellows your policemen are! How patient! How polite! Americans, who are not given to praising any institutions but their own, join with the rest of the civilised world in envy and admiration of our Metropolitan force. The Prefect of Police in Paris sent some of his picked men over to learn from the London police how to regulate the traffic and protect the foot passengers. Yet, so bent are we on "disabling all the benefits of our native country", like Monsieur Jacques, that we hale our protectors before a Royal Commission, and treat them as criminals. How are constables to do their duty if they are made to feel that the public opinion of their fellow-citizens is against them? We remember, as if it were yesterday, that when twenty years ago the Trafalgar Square riots were beginning seriously to imperil life and property in the metropolis, the Guards were cheered and the policemen were hooted by the mob. That the mob should take this view of things is natural: for the hooligan regards a constable much as a bad schoolboy does his master. But that the governing class, members of Parliament, lawyers, and able editors, should regard the police as enemies is monstrous. It is impossible to expect constables to do their duty if they are to be haunted by the reflection that every mistake of temper or eyesight will be solemnly analysed before a Royal Commission and reported at length in the newspapers. That policemen sometimes lose their temper, and sometimes make mistakes of identity, goes without saying: the wonder is that they keep their temper as well as they do, and that they do not make more frequent confusions of persons. In this connexion it should be remembered that the mistakes of identity, except in very rare cases like that of Beck, seldom do much harm; the policeman's world is more restricted than might be imagined, and such as it is, he knows it well. Thus a constable may mistake one thief for another, or one prostitute for another: but it very, very rarely happens that respectable people suffer from his errors. The metropolitan magistrates are a sensible and competent body, and may quite well be trusted to check the failings from which policemen are no more free than the rest of us. The Royal Commission is a public scandal: and we appeal to the Commissioners to bring it to an end before more mischief is done.

ILLICIT TIPS.

THOUGH not very much to look at, the new "Act for the Better Prevention of Corruption" has yet considerable significance. It is an attempt to elevate business morality by Act of Parliament. Some years ago an alarm began to be sounded by such lawyers as Lord Russell, Lord James, and Sir Edward Fry about the prevalence in almost all departments of business of the practice of agents who buy and sell for principals of taking or giving secret gifts to the detriment of their employers. The strict duty of an agent is no doubt to be content to receive his

salary or his commission, but this primitive simplicity of commercial transactions had almost disappeared in the artificial conditions of modern business. At least, that was what was said, and what a Royal Commission declared to be the case; though it is hard to believe that there ever was a time when "palm oil" was not applied liberally wherever go-betweens had to be employed. We need not suppose any progressive deterioration of human nature to account for the fact that bribery and corruption of this kind was on a larger scale than it had previously been, and that it seemed to be extending its ramifications indefinitely. The explanation was rather that with the growth of larger and larger businesses which is the tendency in our day, the class of agents become multiplied; and they oftener than principals themselves come into contact with buyers and sellers. There is another point too which must be taken into account before we blame the intermediaries as if they alone were responsible for the various malpractices which were alleged against them. The "tip" system generally has spread like an epidemic disease throughout all classes. It is inherent in the nature of tipping to produce dishonesty, and where tipping is in vogue as a substitute for fair wages somebody is bound to be cheated. If it is not the employer, it will be the customer. Many a business house rather than give its buyer or seller a fair wage prefers to cut him down and ask no questions; it being understood that the tip system will square things up. The buyer for business houses or managers of public bodies of any kind no matter what, municipalities or boards of guardians, or others having large contracts to dispose of, are let loose to levy blackmail. They are like the underpaid officials of countries like China or Turkey. Ultimately of course it is the public that has to pay. What the agent has intercepted is made up in prices and so both the parties between whom the agent acts are complacent about the system.

It is very doubtful whether in such a case the new Act would apply. There was an account in a newspaper a few days ago of the havoc which the Act had wrought by anticipation amongst agents who had been accustomed to receive large presents as Christmas-boxes. These presents are suddenly stopped for fear of the Act and the buyer's salary comes down to its nominal figure, not half that which was actually made before. As there has been no construction of an Act which only comes into operation on the first day of 1907, the less said about what it will or will not do the better. In these cases, however, the principal knows quite well on what terms he has been paying his buyer a small salary. If he does not raise it in future, what must the inference be but that he prefers this state of things? He could not with any show of reason charge either his buyer or the person supplying goods with an offence under the Act. If indeed the parties conspired to give and take short weight or measure or to pass off inferior goods, that would be another matter. The Act provides for this case; but it is not really necessary; there being quite sufficient means for meeting it already, as such prosecutions as those of the East-End guardians show. In making future arrangements with agents we should think it will have to be well understood that their salary or commission is to be the full remuneration which the employer is willing to pay them for their services before he can contend that an offence has been committed against him under the Act. If bringing about these arrangements should be one of the effects of the Act it would be a sufficient justification of it in destroying one branch of the baneful system of illicit tipping. At present even with the Act before us it is extremely doubtful how far and to what class of cases it will extend, and whether it really will cover a wide field. We are not sure that its most beneficial effect will not be produced in consequence of its vagueness. A good moral effect is often produced by an Act of Parliament which is not much heard of in the Courts. People who are induced to try their hand at illicit tipping, not being aware what kind of tips brings them within the risk of imprisonment or a heavy fine, may decide that it is better not to run the risk at all. The gift or consideration which is to win the favour of the agent need not be in money; nor is there any limit in value. So that

a box of cigars, or even a "smoke" or a "drink" might quite well come within the meaning of the Act. If the Act should do anything to discredit the custom of "standing drinks", which is the accompaniment of so many business transactions, and which is responsible for much insidious intemperance, again the Act would have been worth the trouble there has been to get it passed.

When bad practices like tipping have spread, it is almost useless to try to stop them otherwise than by legislation. Many tips are given not because of any generosity on the part of the giver but from want of moral courage in going against a common usage, or from fear of being supposed mean and ill-humoured. In business whether a man has to buy or sell, a reputation of this kind is against him in his dealings, and with competition so keen no one likes to incur such a disability; so that there is enormous pressure always acting to perpetuate a bad custom of this sort. Therefore it is a good thing there should be an Act of Parliament discountenancing illicit tipping; and it is not a disadvantage that nobody knows what exactly illicit tipping is. The history of this legislation begins in a general state of indignation against widespread practices of all shades of moral obliquity; from acts undoubtedly corrupt to the ordinary tip which irritates and annoys as a petty sort of dishonesty, but nothing more. Much greater particularity was aimed at in the first form of the Bill; and if we remember rightly there was actually an exception providing that Christmas boxes should not be considered illicit tipping. Some practices which in the first fervour seemed to be aimed at were well established in the practice of bankers, insurance offices and solicitors, and care was found necessary lest these legitimate practices should fall by the logic of an Act of Parliament into the category of illicit tipping. The difficulty, of course, was to separate the important from the unimportant cases of tipping. No tipping is really honest, because it is always either a bribe to do something which a person's duty already requires him to do without such extraneous stimulus; or it is a bribe to persuade him to favour someone whom he ought not to treat any better than another. So that logically there is nothing you can lay hold of to make any distinction on the ground of dishonesty between one act of tipping and another. It is out of the question to attempt to enumerate what acts shall be illicit and what permissible tipping. The only way is to employ a vague form of words and sift out the important from the unimportant cases by a mechanical method. This is done in the new Act by making the consent of the Attorney-General or Solicitor-General necessary before a prosecution can be started. Suppose the man who cuts your hair attempts to obtain a tip, or you give him a tip, it all depends on if he or you are acting "corruptly" whether you come under the Act or not. What is "corruptly"? You act corruptly according to the words of the Act if you give, or the hair-cutter takes, the tip for showing favour to you in relation to his principal's affair or business. If you are in a hurry, and you give him the tip to attend to you before another customer, you are probably under the Act. But you need not be afraid that the Attorney-General will issue his fiat for your prosecution.

INSURANCE IN 1906.

INSURANCE has received an exceptionally large amount of attention during the past year and for the most part the events that have attracted notice have been of an unsatisfactory character. The greatest prominence has been given to the scandals in the American life offices. This subject came to light for the first time last year and was followed by the committee of inquiry in New York: while many of the transactions were of a disgraceful character, the net result to the policyholders of the irregular proceedings was that they suffered but little financial injury from the abuses and will reap very substantial financial gains from the reforms which have been brought about as a

direct consequence of the exposures. We consider some harm has been done to policyholders through the agitation started by Messrs. Lawson and Undermeyer, whose campaign was certainly not conducted in policyholders' interests. The main effort was directed towards the election of trustees of their own nomination in opposition to the lists put forward by the administrations of the companies. The voting, which extended over two months, closed on 18 December and the result will not be known for some time. It is anticipated, however, that the administration tickets have been elected, in which case the results to policyholders may ultimately be greatly better than before. In the United Kingdom certain policyholders combined to support Mr. Haldeman against the Mutual of New York and advised Mutual policyholders to transfer to the North British, of which company Mr. Haldeman became joint life manager immediately after leaving the Mutual. The American company brought an action against their late manager and the North British which occupied the attention of Mr. Justice Swinfen Eady for eleven days and his judgment has not yet been given.

The fire at San Francisco came as a very severe blow to the insurance companies, happening just at a time when nearly all the fire offices were publishing their reports for the previous year, which showed excellent results and were the cause of much congratulation. The losses incurred by British offices at San Francisco amounted to fully £10,000,000, and will absorb the profits of the companies for many years to come. This strain upon their resources served to illustrate the great financial strength and the sound management of the British companies. The fire offices which are associated in the tariff have materially strengthened their control of the business, and the disappearance of the Westminster and the County Fire Office, following that of the Hand-in-Hand, has deprived the public of the means of insuring on such favourable terms as were formerly available. The Central, which was a strong and successful non-tariff office, has joined the Tariff Association, thus taking the course which all offices seem to adopt sooner or later. The Ocean Accident Corporation has commenced fire insurance business, and on the other hand several fire insurance companies have commenced the transaction of accident insurance, notably the Alliance, the Royal, and the Liverpool, London and Globe. As a convenient method of starting an accident branch, they have bought up existing accident companies. The number of offices transferred or amalgamated has again been very large and the feeling against this continued epidemic of absorption is very strong in insurance circles. Several proposed amalgamations have fallen through, notably the absorption of the Star by the United Kingdom Temperance. This course was strongly advocated by the directors of the Star, who however declined to consider the more favourable terms which the Norwich Union were prepared to offer. An influential movement in favour of transfer to the Norwich Union is in progress, but whether or not it will be successful it is impossible to say at present. We have little doubt that in this particular instance a transfer would be beneficial.

Actuaries have been rather more prominent than usual in various ways. An International Congress of Actuaries was held at Berlin and was a great success, while both the Institute and the Faculty of Actuaries have elected new Presidents in the persons of Messrs. Wyatt and Hewat respectively. Much regret was felt among actuaries that Mr. Cockburn, of the North British and Mercantile, who was president of the Institute at the time, should have made so serious a departure from precedent and custom as to endeavour to persuade policyholders in the Mutual to transfer their assurance to the North British. There was never any question about the solvency of the Mutual, and it was evident that the great majority of the policyholders would lose by transferring. The practice of policy twisting is strongly condemned when indulged in by individual agents, and that a President of the Institute of Actuaries should inaugurate a wholesale movement of this kind was much resented.

A particularly useful piece of work was done by

leading actuaries when they gave evidence before the House of Lords Committee which was appointed to consider insurance matters, especially in regard to foreign and colonial companies: their testimony to the success of the Life Assurance Companies Acts was so convincing that the Committee concluded that no change was desirable beyond making the statutory deposit permanent for companies having their offices outside the United Kingdom. This report of the Lords' Committee shows that an amendment of the Life Assurance Companies Acts may safely be undertaken without any fear that the main principles which have worked so well in this country will be interfered with.

A new Workmen's Compensation Act has been passed which greatly extends the number of people to whom the provisions are applicable. Domestic servants are now included, and it seems probable that this liability will be able to be insured against for a premium of about 5s. a year for each servant. An important feature of the new Act is the reduction of the qualifying period to seven days and the arrangement to date back compensation to the time of the accident when incapacity lasts more than fourteen days. It is possible that this will increase the cost of compensation with the natural result that larger premiums will be required than heretofore.

An Employers' Liability Assurance Companies Bill was introduced, but was killed a few days after it was read a first time. A Bill to apply the principles of the Life Assurance Companies Acts to employers' liability companies is needed and will doubtless be brought in. It would seem appropriate to bring all accident companies under its provisions on the ground that nearly all of them issue contracts of a more or less permanent nature.

An Act was passed appointing a public trustee: insurance offices are inclined to ask what good purpose such an official can serve except as a safeguard against fraud. In their opinion the objects aimed at would have been accomplished more effectively by removing certain legal difficulties which prevent insurance companies acting as executors and trustees as extensively as they might. It is perhaps only natural that the insurance companies should find objections to the administration of estates by a Government department.

Another useful piece of legislation provided that rebate of income-tax should be allowed on premiums paid for life assurance in foreign life offices. For many years this privilege was confined to companies having their head offices in the United Kingdom: in 1904 it was extended to colonial companies, and now applies to all life assurance premiums. The arrangement was made at a time opportune for the American offices. Some of them had been in the habit of allowing this rebate, and the question was raised in New York and considered to be an infringement of the law against discrimination between policy-holders.

This question of discrimination has been much discussed of late and attention has been forcibly drawn to the evils which result from it. The practice here takes the form of allowing commission to policyholders on their own proposals and has become very widespread; it has finally produced a combination among insurance brokers and agents, aiming at the discontinuance of the practice and the formal recognition of insurance agents as a class.

This year two life offices, the Rock and the London Life, have been celebrating their centenary: the latter especially can look back upon its century of existence with the greatest pride and satisfaction. A third life office, the Provident, kept its centenary by selling its business. There was no particular necessity for doing so, except that the County Fire Office, with which the Provident had been intimately associated, had to disappear and be merged into one of the tariff companies, and it was made a condition of the sale of the County that the Provident also should be taken over.

This is the time when the insurance offices are sending broadcast their new calendars, copies of which continue to reach us. On these we can hardly be expected to comment at length; some of them are tasteful; many are neat; all no doubt useful as advertisement.

A CHRISTMAS GARLAND.*—IV.

GENERAL CESSATION DAY.

[Chapter V. of "Sitting Up For the Dawn".]

H. G. W*LLS.

THE re-casting of the calendar on a decimal basis seems a simple enough matter at first sight. But even here there are details that will have to be thrashed out. . . .

Mr. Edgar Dibbs, in his able pamphlet "Ten to the Rescue", † advocates a twenty-hour day, and has drawn up an ingenious scheme for accelerating the motion of this planet by four in every twenty-four hours, so that the alternations of light and darkness shall be re-adjusted to the new reckoning. I think such re-adjustment would be indispensable (though I know there is a formidable body of opinion against me). But I am far from being convinced of the feasibility of Mr. Dibbs' scheme. I believe the twenty-four hour day has come to stay—anomalous though it certainly will seem in the ten-day week, the fifty-day month, and the thousand-day year. I should like to have incorporated Mr. Dibbs' scheme in my vision of the Dawn. But, as I have said, the scope of this vision is purely practical. . . .

Mr. Albert Noaks, in a paper ‡ read before the South Brixton Hebdomadals, pleads that the first seven days of the decimal week should retain their old names, the other three to be called provisionally Huxleyday, Marxday, and Gorkiday. But, for reasons which I have set forth elsewhere, § I believe that the nomenclature which I had originally suggested ||—Aday, Bday, and so on to Jday—would be really the simplest way out of the difficulty. Any fanciful way of naming the days would be bad, as too sharply differentiating one day from another. What we must strive for in the Dawn is that every day shall be as nearly as possible like every other day. We must help the human units—these little pink slobbering creatures of the Future whose cradle we are rocking—to progress not in harsh jerks, but with a beautiful unconscious rhythm. . . .

There must be nothing corresponding to our Sunday. Sunday is a canker that must be cut ruthlessly out of the social organism. At present the whole community gets "slack" on Saturday because of the paralysis that is about to fall on it. And then "Black Monday"!—that day when the human brain tries to readjust itself—tries to realise that the shutters are down, and the streets are swept, and the stove-pipe hats are back in their band-boxes! No writer has yet done justice to the horror and the deleteriousness of Sunday. . . .

Yet, of course, there must be holidays. We can no more do without holidays than without sleep. For every man there must be certain stated intervals of repose—of recreation in the original sense of the word. My views on the worthlessness of classical education are perhaps pretty well known to you, but I don't understate the great service that my friend Professor Ezra K. Higgins has rendered by his discovery ¶ that the word recreation originally signified a re-creating—i.e.** a time for the nerve-tissues to renew themselves in. The problem before us is how to secure for the human units in the Dawn—these giants of whom we are but the foetuses—the holidays necessary for their full capacity for usefulness to the State, without at the same time disorganising the whole community—and them.

The solution is surprisingly simple. The community will be divided into ten sections—Section A, Section B, and so on to Section J. And to every section one day of the decimal week will be assigned as a "Cessation Day". Thus, those people who fall under Section A will rest on Aday, those who fall under Section B will

* Copyright in the United States of America.

† Published by the Young Self-Helpers' Press, Ipswich.

‡ "Are We Going Too Fast?"

§ "A Midwife For The Millennium." H. G. W*lls. 1905.

|| "How To Be Happy Though Yet Unborn." H. G. W*lls. 1903.

¶ "Words About Words." By Ezra K. Higgins, Professor of Etymology, Abraham Z. Stubbins University, Padua, Pa., U.S.A. (2 vols.). 1906.

** "Id est"—"That is."

rest on Bday, and so on. On every day of the year one-tenth of the population will be resting, but the other nine-tenths will be at work. The joyous hum and clang of labour will never cease in the municipal workshops. . . .

You must figure the smokeless blue sky above London dotted all over with aeroplanes in which the holiday-making tenth are re-creating themselves for the labour of next week—looking down a little wistfully, perhaps, at the workshops from which they are temporarily banished. And here I scent a difficulty. So attractive a thing will labour be in the Dawn that a man will be tempted not to knock off work when his Cessation Day comes round, and will prefer to work for no wage rather than not at all. So that perhaps there will have to be a law making Cessation Day compulsory, and the Overseers will be empowered to punish infringement of this law by forbidding the culprit to work for ten days after the first offence, twenty after the second, and so on. But I don't suppose there will often be need to put this law in motion. The children of the Dawn, remember, will not be the puny self-ridden creatures that we are. They will not say "Is this what I want to do?" but "shall I, by doing this, be (a) harming or (b) benefiting—no matter in how infinitesimal a degree—the Future of the Race?"

Sunday must go. And, as I have hinted, the progress of mankind will be steady proportionately to its automatism. Yet I think there would be no harm in having one—just one—day in the year set aside as a day of universal rest—a day for the searching of hearts. Heaven—I mean the Future—forbid that I should be hide-bound by dry-as-dust logic, in dealing with problems of flesh and blood. The sociologists of the past thought the grey matter of their own brains all-sufficing. They forgot that flesh is pink and blood is red. That is why they could not convert people. . . .

The five-hundredth and last day of each year shall be a General Cessation Day. It will correspond somewhat to our present Christmas Day. But with what a difference! It will not be, as with us, a mere opportunity for relatives to make up the quarrels they have picked with each other during the past year, and to eat and drink things that will make them ill well into next year. Holly and mistletoe there will be in the Municipal Eating Rooms, but the men and women who sit down there to General Cessation High Tea will be glowing not with a facile affection for their kith and kin, but with communal anxiety for the welfare of the great-great-grandchildren of the great-great-grandchildren of people they have never met and are never likely to meet.

The great event of the day will be the performance of the ceremony of "Making Way".

In the Dawn, death will not be the haphazard affair that it is under the present anarchic conditions. Men will not be stumbling out of the world at odd moments and for reasons over which they have no control. There will always, of course, be a percentage of deaths by misadventure. But there will be no deaths by disease. Nor, on the other hand, will people die of old age. Every child will start life knowing that (barring misadventure) he has a certain fixed period of life before him—so much and no more, but not a moment less.

It is impossible to foretell to what average age the children of the Dawn will retain the use of all their faculties—be fully vigorous mentally and physically. We only know that they will be "going strong" at ages when we have long ceased to be of any use to the State. Let us, for sake of argument, say that on the average their faculties will have begun to decay at the age of ninety—a trifle over thirty-two, by the new reckoning. That, then, will be the period of life fixed for all citizens. Every man on fulfilling that period will avail himself of the municipal lethal chamber. He will "make way"

I thought at one time that it would be best for every man to "make way" on the actual day when he reaches the age-limit. But I see now that this would savour of private enterprise. Moreover, it would rule out that element of sentiment which, in relation to such a thing as death, we must do nothing to mar. The children and friends of a man on the brink of death would instinctively wish to gather round him. How could they

accompany him to the lethal chamber, if it were an ordinary working-day, with every moment of the time mapped out for them?

On General Cessation Day, therefore, the gates of the lethal chambers will stand open for all those who shall in the course of the past year have reached the age-limit. You must figure the wide streets filled all day long with little solemn processions—solemn and yet not in the least unhappy. . . . You must figure the old man walking with a firm step in the midst of his progeny, looking around him with a clear eye at this dear world which is about to lose him. He will not be thinking of himself. He will not be wishing the way to the lethal chamber were shorter. He will be filled with joy at the thought that he is about to die for the good of the race—to "make way" for the beautiful young breed of men and women who, in simple, artistic, antiseptic garments, are disporting themselves so gladly on this day of days. They pause to salute him as he passes. And presently he sees, radiant in the sunlight, the pleasant white-tiled dome of the lethal chamber. You must figure him at the gate, shaking hands all round, and speaking perhaps a few well-chosen words about the Future. . . .

CHRISTMAS DAY.

By G. K. CH*ST*RT*N.

THAT it is human to err is admitted by even the most positive of our thinkers. Here we have the great difference between latter-day thought and the thought of the past. If Euclid were alive to-day (and I dare say he is), he would not say "the angles at the base of an isosceles triangle are equal to one another". He would say "To me (a very frail and fallible being, remember) it does somehow seem that these two angles have a mysterious and awful equality to one another". The dislike of schoolboys for Euclid is unreasonable in many ways; but fundamentally it is entirely reasonable. Fundamentally it is the revolt from a man who was either fallible and therefore (in pretending to infallibility) an impostor, or infallible and therefore not human.

Now, since it is human to err, it is always in reference to those things which arouse in us the most human of all our emotions—I mean the emotion of love—that we conceive the deepest of our errors. Suppose we met Euclid on Battersea Bridge, and he took us aside and confessed to us that whilst he regarded parallelograms and rhomboids with an indifference bordering on contempt, for isosceles triangles he cherished a wild romantic devotion. Suppose he asked us to accompany him to the nearest music-shop, and there purchased a guitar in order that he might worthily sing to us the radiant beauty and the radiant goodness of isosceles triangles. As men, we should, I hope, respect his enthusiasm, and encourage his enthusiasm, and catch his enthusiasm. But as seekers after truth, we should be compelled to regard with a dark suspicion, and to check with the most anxious care, every fact that he told us about isosceles triangles. For adoration involves a glorious obliquity of vision. It involves more than that. We do not say of Love that he is short-sighted. We do not say of Love that he is myopic. We do not say of Love that he is astigmatic. We say, quite simply, Love is blind. We might go further, and say, Love is deaf. That would be a profound and obvious truth. We might go further still, and say, Love is dumb. But that would be a profound and obvious lie. For Love is always an extraordinarily fluent talker. Love is a wind-bag, filled with a gusty wind from Heaven.

It is always about the thing that we love most that we talk most. About this thing, therefore, our errors are something more than our deepest errors: they are our most frequent errors. That is why for nearly two thousand years mankind has been more glaringly wrong on the subject of Christmas than on any other subject. If mankind had hated Christmas, he would have understood it from the first. What would have happened then, it is impossible to say. For that which is hated, and therefore is persecuted, and therefore grows brave,

lives on for ever, whilst that which is understood dies in the moment of our understanding of it—dies, as it were, in our awful grasp. Between the horns of this eternal dilemma shivers all the mystery of the jolly visible world, and of that still jollier world which is invisible. And it is because Mr. Blatchford and the writers of his school cannot, with all their splendid sincerity and acumen, perceive that he and they and all of us are impaled on those horns as certainly as the sausages I ate for breakfast this morning had been impaled on the cook's toasting-fork—it is for this reason, I say, that Mr. Blatchford and his friends seem to me to miss the basic principle that lies at the root of all things human and divine. By the way, not all things that are divine are human. But all things that are human are divine. But to return to Christmas.

I select at random two of the more obvious fallacies that obtain. One is that Christmas should be observed as a time of jubilation. This is (I admit) quite a recent idea. It never entered into the tousled heads of the shepherds by night, when the light of the angel of the Lord shone about them and they arose and went to do homage to the Child. It never entered into the heads of the Three Wise Men. They did not bring their gifts as a joke, but as an awful oblation. It never entered into the heads of the saints and scholars, the poets and painters, of the Middle Ages. Looking back across the years, they saw in that dark and ungarnished manger only a shrinking woman, a brooding man, and a child born to sorrow. The philomaths of the eighteenth century, looking back, saw nothing at all. It is not the least of the glories of the Victorian era that it rediscovered Christmas. It is not the least of the mistakes of the Victorian era that it supposed Christmas to be a feast.

The splendour of the saying "I have piped unto you, and you have not danced; I have wept with you, and you have not mourned" lies in the fact that it might have been uttered with equal truth by any man who had ever piped or wept. There is in the human race some dark spirit of recalcitrance, always pulling us in the direction contrary to that in which we are reasonably expected to go. At a funeral, the slightest thing, not in the least ridiculous at any other time, will convulse us with internal laughter. At a wedding, we hover mysteriously on the brink of tears. So it is with the modern Christmas. I find myself in agreement with the cynics in so far that I admit that Christmas, as now observed, tends to create melancholy. But the reason for this lies solely in our own misconception. Christmas is essentially a *dies iræ*. If the cynics will only make up their minds to treat it as such, even the saddest and most atrabilious of them will acknowledge that he has had a rollicking day.

This brings me to the second fallacy. I refer to the belief that "Christmas comes but once a year". Perhaps it does, according to the calendar—a quaint and interesting compilation, but of little or no practical value to anybody. It is not the calendar, but the spirit of man, that regulates the recurrence of feasts and fasts. Spiritually, Christmas Day recurs exactly seven times a week. When we have frankly acknowledged this, and acted on this, we shall begin to realise the Day's mystical and terrific beauty. For it is only everyday things that reveal themselves to us in all their wonder and their splendour. A man who happens one day to be knocked down by a motor-bus merely utters a curse and instructs his solicitor, but a man who has been knocked down by a motor-bus every day of the year will have begun to feel that he is taking part in an august and impressive ritual. He will await the diurnal stroke of fate with the same lowly and pious joy as animated the Hindoos awaiting Juggernaut. His bruises will be decorations, worn with the modest pride of the veteran. He will cry aloud, in the words of the late W. E. Henley, "My head is bloody but unbowed". He will add "My ribs are broken but unbent".

I look for the time when we shall wish one another a Merry Christmas every morning; when roast turkey and plum pudding shall be the staple of our daily dinner, and the holly shall never be taken down from the walls, and everyone will always be kissing everyone else under the mistletoe. And what is right as regards Christmas is right as regards all other so-called anniversaries.

The time will come when we shall dance round the Maypole every morning before breakfast—a meal at which hot-cross buns will be a standing dish—and shall make April Fools of one another every day before noon. The profound significance of All Fools' Day—the glorious lesson that we are all fools—is too apt at present to be lost. Nor is justice done to the sublime symbolism of Shrove Tuesday—the day on which all sins are shriven. Every day pancakes shall be eaten, either before or after the plum pudding. They shall be eaten slowly and sacramentally. They shall be fried over fires tended and kept for ever bright by Vestals. They shall be tossed to the stars.

I shall return to the subject of Christmas next week.

OLD MASTERS AND MODERN CRITICS.

IT is the misfortune of painting that its masterpieces must be local and not universal possessions. The student who aims at comprehensive judgment cannot acquire it in his study; he must travel Europe and visit the corners as well as the capitals of many different countries. And, even then, how much are his impressions at the mercy of circumstance. We have all experienced the strangest reversions of feeling on revisiting a foreign gallery; the picture which moved us so profoundly on a former occasion now says nothing to us, or we wonder to have passed coldly by a work that now unlocks a door for our spirits. Very often the change is due to a development in taste; but often, too, we can recognise that a bad light, a forbidding gallery, an uncongenial companion, or some trivial discomfort, has put us out of the right mood and lost us all we came for. Again, a picture, seen by itself, has much greater power over us than when elbowed in a large collection by a hundred rivals. Familiar, constant intercourse with all the great classics of painting, such as we can enjoy with literature, perpetually renewing and refining our judgment, is practically impossible.

Nothing could be more obvious than these reflections; and yet I think they are more forgotten than remembered by writers about art. Some will say that photography has changed all this; and the modern student uses a formidable apparatus of photographs. But indispensable supplements as these are, they are misleading, even when one has seen the originals.

Photography has however invented a school of criticism. In the old days, people could only compare, say, a Titian in Venice with a Titian in Madrid by carrying an impression in his memory and note-book from the one place to the other. But when photographs began to be abundant, comparisons made it at once apparent that numbers of pictures attributed to great names were by quite different hands. Vanity of ownership has been no less a misfortune to art than confinement to locality in letting pictures more and more gravitate to the most typical or most fashionable master of each particular style or school. Here was an obvious field for work. The scientific spirit was abroad, achieving in other fields astonishing successes; and a "scientific" criticism of art became the fashion. We may laugh, with Whistler, at the "Bertillon school of critics", detecting third-rate Italian masters and entering in their note-books the incriminating evidence of ears and finger-joints: but after all it was a necessary phase; it had its discipline; it was only foolish in its extravagances; and the work done was a good work. No one wants now to go back to the old confusion. But a certain sadness has come over this school and its practitioners. The instinct of sport had made the making of attributions a pleasant pastime; but now game is scarce, the ground has been gone over so thoroughly. The criticism which relies on documents has dealt, too, damaging blows at some cherished discoveries of the attributors. The ingenious construction of three Bonifazios by Morelli (for instance) has been exploded by Dr. Ludwig, who found documents proving that they were one and the same person. Mr. Berenson's romantic image of Lotto has suffered disillusion, in most people's eyes, from a recent discovery by Mr. Kerr Lawson, published in the "Burlington

Magazine". And now comes Mr. Sturge Moore* with a powerful attack on the whole pretensions of art criticism to be a science at all. Mr. Berenson himself had already confessed that the questions of authorship, which formerly engrossed him, were spiritually valueless. But he still clings to the idea that, if art is to be studied, the study should be a science; he still claims that there are laws governing the phenomena of art which are discoverable by the critic. Mr. Moore however lays his finger on a fundamental difference when, combating this theory, he points out that the classifications of science are concerned with types, and neglect as accidental the peculiarities of individuals; whereas in art the scale of values is reversed. In science it is the rules that count, in art the exceptions. No more signal illustration of this argument could be found than the provincial painter who, almost in isolation and out of no given materials, built up those radiant creations which are Parma's glory; the artist who anticipated a side of Rembrandt and much of the eighteenth-century ideal; who combined what his latest critic aptly calls a "spiritual sensuousness", unique in painting, with the most prodigious ingenuity and science.

Mr. Moore in his introductory chapter seems to me a little unkind to recent criticism and its methods, to which after all he owes much, and the results of which he uses to good purpose. But it is timely to insist, as he does, on the incalculable element in all artistic creation; and the very obvious considerations I began with might also have been adduced to show the special difficulties which beset those who aim at anything like a qualitative analysis of painting.

In the case of Correggio, the question of origins and influences, which so preoccupy the typical modern critic, has been ably dealt with by Dr. Ricci. His debt to the Ferrarese and to Mantegna has been brought to light and established. But the striking thing about Correggio is not how much, but how little, he owed to others; Mantegna even, whose influence was considerable, influenced him, as Mr. Moore contends, in no really fundamental quality. The question of his artistic parentage is of small interest compared with that of his artistic posterity. His originality is astounding; he is one of the first and mightiest of the moderns. How much have later artists owed to him? Annibale Carracci, Parmigianino, Barocci, Reynolds, Prudhon, Baudry, Millet; so Mr. Moore names the chief of them.

I have no space to deal with even a tithe of the questions raised by Mr. Moore in his most interesting book, a book that stands out completely from the current criticism of art in its penetrating power and grasp of fundamental ideas; but some hint of his attitude, method, and style may be conveyed by glancing at his treatment of the relation to Correggio of Jean François Millet. The young Millet, as we know, was naturally attracted by Correggio, and absorbed much of his grace into his early pictures; but a chance remark, overheard at a shop-window, determined him to cease producing work which could bring him the name of one who "only painted nude women". Writers about Millet often regard this first phase as a false start, and incline to think of him as turning his back on it completely. This is not Mr. Moore's view. The grace which he had absorbed from Correggio is felt, he says, "both in the management of light and shade, and in the rhythm of pose and arabesque, like a music, persisting through all his best poems on peasant labour and repose. That dewy laughing rustic consciousness which he first displayed gives a zest and piquancy to his later and more sober treatment of maternal joys and fears, and touching ministries".

Again, while Millet appeals to our "sense of earthiness" in humanity, when he paints the peasant woman and her child, the force of this appeal would be lost "if man were no longer regarded as having an affinity with some forfeited state of purity, felicity, and ease, or as capable of treading down his earthy nature". Those more ideal conditions, pictured in Correggio's Madonnas, must be in the mind, if we are to feel the whole pathos of Millet's mothers, "so patient, so docile in their harsh and straitened con-

ditions". "On the other hand Correggio's pretty pictures can only express faith, aspiration, and hope, while the actuality of some gesture copied from the real tenderness of a simple woman, the real archness of some dirty-mouthed toddler, links them to the hard and sordid maternity of men's common homes". Correggio was the greater in technical resources, in composition and invention; but Millet surpasses him in high seriousness, in the ennobling capacity to suffer, by which he is allied to Michael Angelo. Yet Correggio, Mr. Moore affirms, though a much less reverent nature, could never, like Millet, have been "entangled by a doctrinaire pose", or misled by "the impertinent logic of realism" into idealising "man's most primitive relations to the material world" and forgetting that "all civilisation, all morality, all intelligence" represent a triumph over those relations.

In this comparison we note a capacity for the fine discrimination of qualities, which distinguishes Mr. Moore, and which is so rare in English criticism, both literary and æsthetic; most critics find it so much more attractive to take a side and run it for all it is worth, as the saying is; for that is what our public likes. We note a strongly defined opposition to the really reactionary, though often paraded as advanced, theories of realism preached in France and echoed in England. Mr. Moore, again, has no part with those who regard scholarship and learning about the history of art as ends in themselves, nor with those æsthetic Epicureans who regard pictures as a kind of sweetmeat only to be enjoyed by superior persons, great part of their pleasure being their confidence that art means nothing to the outside crowd; nor with those who write from the painter's standpoint of professional interest, as if technique, too, were an end and not a means. "Those who know nothing outside a single art will never know the best of that art", he says; and "every painter is a man, and as a man a member of society". He has interest in, and a knowledge of, the technical side of painting, and—what is far more important—insight into an artist's ways of work and thought. But he is mostly concerned with the artist's import to humanity; he addresses himself, not to specialists, but to men. There is much in this volume with which it is possible to disagree; there is, I think, too much controversy in it, and Mr. Moore is not at his happiest in controversy. Nor is the design of the book quite satisfactory. But, whatever the faults, I believe that it is on the main lines of such work as this that æsthetic criticism, if it is to have any vital hold on the intelligent interests of the world, must proceed.

LAURENCE BINYON.

A CORNISH HEDGE.

EVERYBODY in England knows what a hedge is—a row of thorn and other hardy bushes originally planted to protect a field, which in time takes on the appearance of a thicket, consequently it comes as a surprise when we first visit the remote and un-English county of Cornwall to discover that hedge there may mean something quite different. It is in fact a stone wall such as is called a dyke in Scotland.

On that strip of coast country which extends from S. Ives Bay to Mount's Bay, and in fact right round to the Lizard and beyond, hedges are rarely anything but stone walls, for it is a treeless district where nothing flourishes much except heath, furze and bracken. The farming folk have succeeded in creating small arable and grass fields in this stoney and prickly waste but trees and hedge bushes they cannot have on account of the violent winds which blow laden with salt moisture from the Atlantic. It is true the furze abounds everywhere, but though good to look at, and for the oven, it is a most intractable plant which will go (or grow) its own wild way and no man has ever yet succeeded in subduing it to his will to make it serve any useful purpose. Yet even in that wind-worried land a few self-planted trees may be seen.

You find them in the strip of farm country between the hills and sea, in hollows and under high banks, or where a mass of rock affords them shelter; and they

* "Correggio." By T. Sturge Moore. Duckworth. 7s. 6d. net.

are mostly hawthorns and whitethorns with a few hardy bush-like trees of other kinds. They are like the trees and bushes on the most exposed coasts in Yorkshire and in other places, growing all one way, lying close to and sometimes actually on the ground, stretching out their branches and every twig towards the inland country. The sight of these wind-tormented, one-sided trees fascinates me and I stay long to look at them :

A bristled tree

With branches cedared by the salted gale,

Stretched back, as if with wings that cannot flee,

is how Gordon Hake describes the appearance, seeing as I do, the desire and struggle to escape—to fly from that pitiless persecution. But the "wings" I do not see : in summer the foliage is to my sight but a ragged mantle ; in winter the human expression is strongest and most pathetic. Held by the feet in the grip of earth, the beaten bush strains to get away ; it suggests the figure of a person crawling, or trying to crawl, the knee-like joints on the ground, the body-like trunk thrown forward, the long bare branches and terminal twigs, like the brown, thin naked arms and claw-like opened fingers of a starving scourged slave in the tropics, extended imploringly towards the land.

This being the nature of the country the farmer can but hedge his land and fields with stone : he is in a measure compelled to do so, since the earth is full of it and the land strewn with boulders ; to make a field he must remove it and bestow it somewhere. Now after centuries of this process of removing and piling up stones, the farm land has become covered over with a network of these enduring hedges, or fences, intersecting each other at all angles ; and viewed from a hill-top the country has the appearance of a patched quilt made of pieces of all sizes and every possible shape, and of all shades of green from darkest gorse to the delicate and vivid greens of the young winter grass.

That half-reclaimed district, especially the strip of coast from S. Ives Bay to Cape Cornwall, was a good winter hunting ground, and I spent many weeks in ranging about the fields and waste or incult places among them. Here you can wander at will, without fear of hurting the farmer's feelings as in Devonshire by walking on his land. The cultivation is little, the fields being mostly grass : the small farmhouse is out of sight somewhere behind the stone hedges ; it is rare to meet with a human being, and the few cows or calves you occasionally come across follow you about as if only too pleased to have a visitor. Climbing over the next hedge into the next field you find nobody there but a pig who stares at you, then welcomes you with a good-humoured grunt ; or an old solitary plough-horse ; or no semi-human domestic creature at all, only a crowd of busy starlings ; or starlings mixed with daws, field-fares, missel-thrushes and a few wagtails ; or a couple of magpies, or a small flock of wintering curlews to be found day after day on the same spot. After crossing two or three such fields you come into an unreclaimed patch, or belt, where grey-lichened rocks are mixed with masses of old furze bushes, and heath, and tussocks of pale brome grass. A lonely, silent, peaceful place, where, albeit a habitation of man for untold centuries, it is wild nature still.

Here, with eyes and mind occupied with the bird, I did not at first pay much attention to the hedges : I simply got over them, or, in thorny and boggy places walked on them, but eventually they began to exercise an attraction, and I began to recognise that these, too, like the planted hedges of other districts, were man's creation but in part, since Nature had added so much to make them what they are. Human hands first raised them : the process is going on all the time ; the labourer, the cow-boy, the farmer himself, when there is nothing else to do, goes out and piles up stones to stop a gap the cattle have made, to add to the height or length of an old hedge, and so on, but the wall once made is taken over by Nature as in the case of the planted hedge. She softens and darkens the crude harsh surface, clothes it in grey and yellow lichens and cushioned green moss, and decorates it with everything that will grow on it, before the time comes for her to ruin and finally to obliterate. But what time is needed

here for demolition with such a material as granite to work on, where there are no trees to insinuate their roots into the crevices, slowly to expand the pliant fibres into huge woody wedges to thrust the loose stones apart and finally to pull them down ! We can imagine how slow the destructive processes are when we look at innumerable Cornish crosses scattered over the county, showing clearly the lines cut on them in the early days of Christianity in this district. Still more do we see it in the ancient sacred stones—the cromlechs, coits, hurlers and holed stones, moor-stones or "merry maidens", and many others, which have stood and resisted the disintegrating effect of the weather since prehistoric times. The wall built is practically everlasting, but Nature works slowly on it, and the hedges I had about me differed greatly on this account, from the rude walls raised but yesterday or a dozen or twenty years ago to those which must have stood for centuries or for a thousand years or longer. Indeed it was the appearance of extreme antiquity in one of these hedges, which I often crossed and sometimes walked on, which first excited my interest in the subject. It looked, and probably is, older than the walls of Silchester, which date back 1,700 or 1,800 years, and are now being gradually pulled down by the trees that have grown upon them. It was the longest of the old hedges I found, beginning among the masses of granite on the edge of the cliff and winding away inland to lose itself eventually among the rocks and gullies and furze-thickets at the foot of a great boulder-strewn hill. Its sinuosity struck me as a mark of extreme age, as in this it resembled the huge prehistoric walls or earthworks made of chalk on the downs in Southern England, which meander in an extraordinary way. It was also larger than the other hedges, which crossed its winding course at all angles, being in most parts six to seven feet high, and exceedingly broad ; moreover, where the stones could be seen they appeared to be more closely fitted together than in other hedges. Most of the stonework was, however, pretty well covered over, in some places with a very thick turf, in others by furze and bracken, rooted in the crevices and in places hiding the wall in a dense thicket.

But of all the plants growing on it the ivy was most remarkable. It is not a plant that flourishes in this district, where it has as hard a struggle as any tree to maintain its existence. It is found only in sheltered situations on this coast, in the villages and on the landward side of steep banks and large masses of rock. On this old wall there was really no shelter, since the furious blasts from the sea swept both sides of it with the same violence. Yet in places the ivy had got possession of it, but it was an ivy very much altered in character by the unfavourable conditions from that greenest luxuriant plant we know so well. In place of the dark mass of foliage, the leaves were few and small and far apart, so that viewing the wall from a little distance away you would not notice that it had any ivy growing on it but would see that the more naked portions were covered with a growth of rope-like stems. The wonder is that with so few leaves it can grow so much wood ! The stems, which are not thick, are smooth and of a pale grey colour and grow in and out of the crevices, and cross and recross one another, fitting into all the inequalities of the stony surface and in places where they cover the wall looking like a numerous brood or tangle of grey serpents.

This snaky appearance of the almost leafless old wall-ivy fascinated me and I went often to look at it on the same spot and was never tired of the sight. It struck me as curious that the woody ivy should have this aspect, since the wall itself in some parts distinctly suggested the serpentine form and appearance. Here again I was reminded of some of the long earthworks or walls on the Wiltshire and Dorsetshire downs—the rounded, thickly turfed bank which winds serpent-like over the hills and across the valleys, and which often has a green colour differing slightly from that of the earth it lies across.

The old Cornish hedge had this aspect in places where it was clothed with turf, and, viewed from a distance and seen winding about in great curves, often

doubling back on itself, smooth and round and green, across the rough brown heath and furze-grown earth, the serpent appearance was very striking.

Whether or not the Cornish archaeologists have paid any attention to these ancient hedges I do not know: I have seen nothing in print about them, and so far I have met with but one person who was interested in or had anything to say about them. This was a peasant farmer whose acquaintance I made at his cottage-like farmhouse a few miles from my old hedge, a man of seventy-nine, but full of vigour and of a lively mind.

I described to him the old hedge I had been observing and its ancient appearance. He said he had known it all his life; that he was a native of a small hamlet close to the wall, and at the age of seven, when he first took to bird's-nesting, he used to hunt along it on every summer day and came to know it as intimately as he knew the fence round his garden and the walls of the cottage he lived in. It had not, he assured me, changed in the least during the last seventy or seventy-two years: it was to-day exactly what it had been in his early boyhood, with thick turf and furze and bracken and woody ivy covering it in the same way in the same old places. This made him think that it must be very old indeed.

It seemed to me that his life was but a very short period to measure by in such a case, that if we could have consulted his father and grandfather and his progenitors back to the time when the last Cornish king was cast out by William the Bastard, they could all have given the same testimony and said that the hedge was a very old one when they knew it.

W. H. HUDSON.

THE WYLYE RIVER.

THE music of your melancholy name
O little stream went sighing down the wind,
And ghosts of half-remembered sweetness came,
And I returned to things long out of mind.

O stream, that summer ended heavily,—
The sunken meadows were too green, too green.
The thorn tree and the tender hazel tree
Met, and the air grew drowsy in between.

The skies were never blue, but the grey clouds
Hung softly over the low, level land.
I faint to think of those warm solitudes
With the black downs asleep on either hand.

There's sorcery at work in the old barrows,
In times long dead it touched the stranger foe,
And shook their hands and drove aside their arrows,
Lost eyes, pale lips, they let the battle go.

Their passionate feet have passed—a charmed hush
Spreads from the green rings on the bare hill-
side,—
I talked of love beside an elder bush
Where a Dane fled—perhaps a Roman died.

The fires of war fade out. O Love, could you
Could you not keep a flickering torch alight?
But love is drowned by the lowlit dew,
But war is done and nothing wakes the night.

Grey stream—low meadow—heavy trees goodbye
When all the wizard memories are still,
When the wind falls and the birds do not cry
I will come back across the dreaming hill.

K. HORNER.

OLD FADED INK.

IN every historical romance or adventure-story, not to mention some more serious works in which manuscripts happen to be described, there is one bibliographical feature which it is safe to predict. The format may be anything from a parchment-scroll to a codex in stamped or embroidered binding, the subject-matter may be what you will, the handwriting may be "crabbed", "cryptic", "quaint", or "of the period", but the ink can only be of one sort. It must be old, and faded. Who could conjure up a thrill, or feed his sense of mystery on a document written in ink of a good standing colour?

Watch a bevy of fair visitors inspecting the rarer books of some university or cathedral library. Some of their comments, no doubt, are shocking enough. Every mediæval book is an "illuminated missal", and they manifest a naive surprise at learning that Ireland has had any share in the history of illumination. "The Irish! how extraordinary!" But in one respect at least they are absolutely sound. You can read the thought in their heart before it wells up to their lips. "Ah! the old, faded ink!" That fetches them. *Sunt lacrimæ.* The ink has become a type and symbol of the transitoriness of this mortal life. The utterance is almost a religious one.

It might be ungrateful to demand the reason of a phenomenon which gives such general satisfaction. It would be as futile as impious to attempt to challenge the fact itself. But even in the mind of the most reverent thinker the question may arise, "How comes it that the ink has faded?" What sun in those dark ages, or our own enlightened ones, was strong enough to penetrate stout walls and oaken chests, and win its way through hide integuments, robbing the ink of what no one doubts was its original jetty hue? Or how came it that our ancestors, who seem to have known something of the art of manufacturing pigments, should have chosen a fugitive colour in which to write the essential part of their book, the text? For, let it be noted, it is only their ink which has faded. Their other colours are as bright as the day when they were first applied. Their golds and crimson and blues put to shame the poor substitutes of our modern chemists and colourmen. Did they, should one suppose, anticipate the melancholy pleasure with which their descendants would gaze on the old faded ink? For it is only the combination of oldness and fadedness that affects our feelings. Hang a modern card or book, printed in red and black, in the sun, and in a day or two the aniline scarlet will have vanished as though it had been wiped out with a sponge. But, somehow or other, it only looks silly—not interesting or pathetic. To speak of "new faded ink" would savour of indecent parody. One would as soon dream of calling a modern illustrated octavo a "ponderous tome"; though, as a matter of fact, the pipe-clay paper upon which it is printed makes it outweigh most fifteenth-century folios, even in their covering of oak boards.

But we may at least admire the beautifully mysterious way in which the old ink has faded. Here, for instance, is the atrament in which the scribe began his writing, a pleasant nut-brown, presumably a decoction of oak galls, stewed over the fire to the right degree of consistency. Singularly enough there is no trace of fading in the outer leaf or the first few quires. On the contrary the ink seems to grow darker and darker as the writer proceeds. Then, at last, it fades—fades quite suddenly too in the middle of a page—and keeps on fading more and more, until at last it sinks to a faint yellowish tone, beyond which fading cannot go with any propriety. So—equally abruptly—it recovers, and reassumes a depth which we suggest the archaeological sentimentalist might refer to as "darkened by age".

Indeed, did we not know better, it might almost seem as though the mystery of faded ink were capable of a purely rational explanation. Suppose, for example, that the writer's ink gradually dried in his bottle or saucer, and that he had resorted to the simple expedient of diluting it with a little aqua pura. Besides is it not conceivable that a poor scribal artist, living in days before William Morris taught us that the two requisites for a beautiful book were dead black ink

and a dead white paper, may have ignorantly enjoyed the effect of a brown ink of varying depth upon the creamy surface of the vellum? And even to our educated eyes, this dappled hazel and the very blobbiness of its application gives the page a value which in modern artistic jargon would be described as "quality". But to formulate these heresies is to reject them. Who would feel the pathos of old watered ink, old diluted ink, or a weak solution of old ink? Pale old ink might do, but the brewing interest might reasonably object to the expropriation of adjectives so long associated with a more generous fluid. Let us cling to our illusions so long as they be beautiful and helpful. Let no manuscript, real or imaginary, find us irresponsible to the sight or description of its old faded ink.

THE LAWS OF BRIDGE.

THE Committee of the Portland Club has for some time past been recognised as the supreme court of appeal on any questions as to the interpretation of the laws of bridge. The questions propounded are many and various, and hardly a week passes but some moot points are submitted for arbitration, and, when once a decision has been given by the Portland Committee on any point, that decision becomes practically bridge law.

This is quite as it should be. A supreme court of appeal is an absolute necessity. But it has been pointed out that, as these decisions are not published in any form, they are only known to the few people personally concerned in them, and that the general world of bridge players sometimes remains in ignorance of a decision which affects an important point in the game. It is highly desirable that all such decisions should be generally known, and therefore we propose for the future to publish in these columns, week by week, any such decisions which have a direct bearing on the play of the game.

This happens to be a particularly appropriate moment to commence, because a very important point was decided at the last meeting of the committee. At a certain London club, which shall be nameless, one of the dealer's adversaries accidentally placed his hand on the table the wrong way up, that is to say with all the cards face upwards but only the bottom one visible. The dealer immediately claimed that they were all exposed cards, and that he was entitled to have them spread out on the table and to call them one by one. The claim was objected to as being unsound, and the matter was referred to the Portland Committee. The point was by no means a new one. The same thing occurred at whist, some forty years ago, and it was then referred for arbitration to the late Mr. James Clay, who decided that the cards were all technically exposed, and that they could all be called. This ruling has held good ever since, both at whist and subsequently at bridge, although it is opposed to both the spirit and the actual letter of the law.

The case is governed by section 2 of Law 73, which defines an exposed card as "any card dropped with its face upwards, or in any way exposed on or above the table, even though snatched up so quickly that no one can name it". Now these cards were not "dropped" cards, nor could they be termed "exposed" cards when no portion of their face surface was visible. The bottom card, the one which was uncovered, and which could be seen by everybody at the table, was undoubtedly an exposed card and was liable to be called, but the other cards, which were covered up, and which could be seen by nobody, did not come under the category of exposed cards at all and could not be called, as nobody was the better or the worse off from the mere fact of their being face upwards instead of face downwards.

This was the view taken by the committee of the Portland Club, and their decision, given at the last meeting, was that the bottom card could be called and must be placed on the table, but that the remaining cards could not be called and should be taken up again into the player's hand, provided that no portion of the face surface of any one of them was visible.

Apart from the strict letter of the law this ruling is unquestionably in accordance both with equity and with the best interests of the game of bridge. A fundamental principle of the laws of the game is that there should be no penalty for any offence or mistake by which no advantage could possibly be gained, and the above question is clearly governed by this principle. No advantage can possibly be gained from the mere fact of a card or cards being face upwards instead of face downwards as long as it is impossible for anyone at the table to see them. To demand a penalty, and such an extreme penalty, for a pure accident of this kind from which no advantage could be gained is very near akin to sharp practice, and is strongly to be deprecated by all true lovers of the game of bridge.

We can hardly imagine anybody seriously attempting to exact such a penalty, but it has been done, on more than one occasion, and therefore it is obvious that there are players who would proceed even to this extremity, but we sincerely hope that it may never be our lot to meet any such at the bridge table. Anyhow, the question has now been settled for good and all, and we hope that no more will be heard of what is, at best, a very unpleasing point.

CHESS.

THE COMING CHAMPIONSHIP MATCH.

EVERYONE is delighted to learn that financial difficulties have been overcome and that a stand-up fight for the chess mastery will begin in about a fortnight. We all love a battle. Dr. Lasker has now upheld his banner for close on thirteen years and the general consensus of opinion is that he will continue to do so. He is a man who has carefully weighed and probed the latent possibilities of the various openings, he knows by instinct the psychological moment to dissolve the position for the ending, and like a certain great biologist he has assimilated the knowledge and corrected the errors of his predecessors. Marshall, on the other hand, is the algebraical x in chess; no one can forecast his place in a tournament any more than we can locate the will-o'-the-wisp in an Irish bog. He dares all things; he will throw away a third of a kingdom, as we saw in one of the Monte Carlo tournaments, in his efforts to win. Marshall has elaborated and studied the queen's pawn game almost ad nauseam, and his legion of admirers now hope he will display his resources in other directions.

All the same highly instructive will be the clashing of two schools of thought, the meeting of the Big Endians and the Little Endians. In modern games sacrifices actually occur as often, perhaps, in the queen's gambit as anywhere, and there are innumerable possibilities of such sacrifices which the ordinary player would not detect.

We give a grand game won against another aspirant for honours at Vienna in 1903.

BISHOP'S GAMBIT.

White	Black	White	Black
G. Maroczy	F. J. Marshall	G. Maroczy	F. J. Marshall
1. P-K4	P-K4	6. P-Q4	B-Kt2
2. P-KB4	P×P	7. Kt-QB3	Kt-K2
3. B-B4	P-Q4!	8. Kt-B3	Q-R4
4. B×P	Q-R5ch	9. P-KR4	P-KR3
5. K-B1	P-KKt4	10. Q-Q3	QKt-B3!

Up to here the "classical" lines are followed with the exception of black's P-Q4. The full force of this counter-move does not generally seem to have been appreciated years ago, but now it has to a large extent winged the gambit. Black's freedom is cheaply purchased at the cost of a pawn. The old saw "When in doubt play trumps" is more or less applicable to this move in most defences. Black's 10th move is very strong, and infinitely superior to P-QB3, a favourite but weakening move.

11. Kt-K2	B-Q2	13. P×Kt	Kt-K2
12. Q-Kt3	Kt×B	14. Q×P	Castles

Black knows that a rapid development is his salvation, and wisely decides that infantry must be sacrificed for the general good.

15. P-B3	QR-Kt1	18. K-B2	P-Kt5
16. Q-RP	B-Kt4	19. P-Q6	P-Ktch
17. Q-B5	B-Ktch	20. KtP-P	Kt-B4!

White has now no less than five passed pawns, and his 19th move is suggestive, but black preserves a secure strategic base and menaces his quarry on level ground.

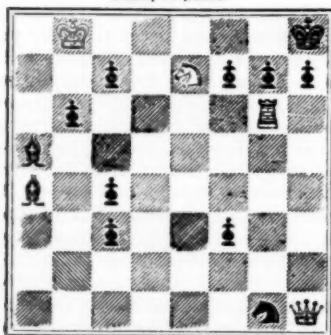
21. P-P	Kt-Kt6ch	25. K-B2	Q-K5ch
22. K-Q2	Q-BP!	26. K-Kt3	Q-Kt2ch
23. R-K1	QR-K1	27. K-B2	B-B1!
24. R-R	R-R		

The two previous moves having been repeated on both sides, black gets in another fine move. One hears sometimes that a move like this is "lucky", but fortune only bestows these favours on the best players. The remaining strokes, which come rapidly, are forced, and black, if white does not run into mate, can easily get his queen back to deal with the pawn.

28. Q-B4	R-K7ch	31. K-Q1	Q-Rch
29. B-Q2	R-Bch	32. K-B2	Kt-B4!
30. K-R	Q-KtPch	33. Q-R4	Kt-K6ch
		Resigns	

PROBLEM 107. By F. SHALIK (Prague).

Black, 13 pieces.



White, 4 pieces.

White mates in three moves.

Solutions to above will be duly acknowledged.

CORRESPONDENCE.

FREDERIC WILLIAM MAITLAND.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Bexhill-on-Sea: 27 December, 1906.

SIR,—You ask me for some memories of the great Cambridge man we have just lost. I first knew Maitland as a boy in jackets at Eton. He was in the house of E. D. Stone, next door to mine, and I saw him pretty constantly. His father had died young. He was a very learned man, and was, I believe, the Fellow of Trinity whose beautiful monument is in the ante-chapel of that College. Maitland's guardian used to consult me about his education. His father's life had been shortened by overwork, and he was anxious that his boy should grow up strong and healthy, but his nature was always nervous and overstrung. I do not think that he distinguished himself at Eton, but he made some close intellectual friendships. I often heard of him at the University, chiefly for extreme brilliancy in his speech and conversation. He succeeded in getting the Union opened on Sundays by a memorable oration which began "Sir, this is not a question of religion; it is a question of arithmetic". Once, also, in my hearing he defended the pleasures of solitude by saying that the best thing

he knew about heaven was that there were many mansions there, and that he only hoped we should have one apiece.

When Mr. John Morley became editor of the "Pall Mall Gazette" he had a difficulty in finding suitable writers, and he asked me to assist him with the names of some young men. I sent him two, Alfred Milner and F. W. Maitland, and neither of these has belied the promise of his youth. I asked him a month afterwards whether they were a success, and he replied that one was and the other was not. Maitland was not a success as a journalist. It is indeed remarkable that with such facility and humour in writing he should not have taken to this line. But he was above everything a researcher. He had all the acuteness, the industry, the indomitable curiosity, and, above all, the accuracy required for historical and legal research, and he had, perhaps, too strong a contempt for knowledge which is not based on research. His coming to Cambridge was due, like many other good things at that University, to the energy and liberality of Henry Sidgwick. From this time his career belongs to history. He was one of our very greatest men. His solid qualities are rather obscured than assisted by his brilliancy. His friends loved him too well personally to realise the position which he held in the world. His place will be with Frank Balfour and Lord Acton, and others of undying fame.

Yours very truly,

OSCAR BROWNING.

THE FRENCH RELIGIOUS CRISIS AND NEWSPAPER CORRESPONDENTS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

66 Rue Ponthieu, Paris,

24 December, 1906.

SIR,—In last Saturday's issue of your Review there was an article containing very unjust reflections on the Paris correspondents of the English press as regards their attitude towards the Roman Catholic Church in the present crisis in France. They are accused of being systematically hostile to the Church, of misrepresenting her cause before the English public and of being Jews or in the pay of Jews. As a correspondent and a Roman Catholic I protest against this wholesale accusation. It is unjust because it is untrue. The fact that one or two correspondents may be Jews does not imply that they are not gentlemen or even that they are biassed. It is not a question between Jews and Catholics, but between an atheist Government and Catholics. It has not yet been proved that all Jews are atheists.

I could point out by name four Roman Catholics who are on the correspondents' staff of the leading London papers. The chief correspondents of two of these papers are members of the Church of England and members of their families are clergymen. Instead of being systematically unfair to the Church they have on the contrary reported facts with the greatest moderation and freedom from prejudices. Our primary duty is to act as reporters of facts and not to send comments across the wire. Comments can be written in London as well as in Paris.

It is understood that a state of war exists between the French State and the Roman Catholic Church. Both sides have clearly defined their positions without beating about the bush. The State opened up hostilities and when it threw down the glove, the Pope as the head of the Church took up the challenge. The question has become one of the proper means of warfare. From the point of view of physical force it was evident that the State had the advantage. It could close churches, confiscate the episcopal and parochial residences and seminaries, everything that belonged to the Church as public religious property, and lay all sorts of restrictions on the public exercise of worship. The Pope had only moral force on his side. He could only appeal to the religious sentiment of the Catholics of France. It is as regards this religious sentiment that we feel the Pope has been led into a mistake. Would the Catholics allow the State to perpetrate this wholesale confiscation?

It remained to be seen and the result has proved that the religious sentiment of the majority of Frenchmen is not strong enough to make them rise up in arms against the Government. The fact has been evident long enough that out of the thirty-eight millions of Frenchmen considered to be Roman Catholics not one-fourth are sincere enough in their convictions to sacrifice their comfort or convenience to Church principles.

To be a sincere and practising Catholic one should follow the laws and precepts of the Church and accept its doctrines. As regards both these points Frenchmen are miserably in default. The Church commands its adherents to attend Mass, under pain of mortal sin and excommunication, every Sunday, to fast and abstain every Friday, to confess and receive communion at least once a year at Easter time. As regards these precepts it is notorious that perhaps not one out of twenty or may be even out of a hundred observes them. Not one out of twenty is even conscious that he is violating the precepts of the Church. As regards her doctrines the immense majority of Frenchmen scarcely know them. To mention only a few, how many Frenchmen believe in the doctrine of Papal Infallibility, heaven and hell, purgatory, the Holy Trinity, the divinity of Christ, the mission and authority of the Church, the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin Mary, the inspiration of the Bible, &c. They have a vague notion that these things were taught them when they were children when their indifferent parents sent them to church and catechism. On the whole the priests are looked upon with suspicion, the doctrines they teach are regarded by adults as "boniments" and there it ends. Their religion is confined to going to church for a wedding or a funeral.

This is the state of mind at least three-fourths of Frenchmen are in. Has the Pope been well advised to believe that there will be a re-awakening of religious belief on the part of this immense majority of so-called Catholics? Let facts answer. The only faithful that remain in France are the thirty-six thousand priests, and their small congregations. The Pope has sacrificed these thirty-six thousand priests, has allowed them to be deprived of what small ecclesiastical patrimony remained to them, and has exposed them even to the loss of the churches. They have nobly and heroically responded to his call, but will their example move the immense inert mass of indifferent Frenchmen, Roman Catholics only in name and unconsciously to themselves and without open acknowledgment by the Church excommunicated ipso facto long ago from that Church? It is as if the Pope punished the faithful for the sins of the unbelieving.

The result has been disastrous so far as a revival of religious sentiment is concerned. The Pope may have been misled by the sporadic movement excited in the course of the Church inventories. The reactionary and religious press represented the opposition of the Catholics at that time as ten times more important than it was. There were some uprisings but principally because they were stimulated and helped by the reactionary political parties. Whenever the Church has appealed to the religious sentiment the result has been very meagre and when it allowed political anti-republican factions to help in its crusade the result has been still more disastrous as was proved only too clearly at the last general elections.

Would it not therefore have been far better to wage the war on purely religious and doctrinal grounds? The atheistic State wanted to boast of its liberality and impartiality; it offered the Church the use of ecclesiastical property by going through certain formalities, constituting associations which would be invested with a legal title to such property. There was nothing to prevent these associations from being formed by the clergy themselves in each parish who, as a matter of protest might have formulated the religious and doctrinal grounds on which they formed these associations. The doctrinal war could have been carried on without sacrificing the property of the Church and whatever rights the Church still held in the opinion of the Government.

The fact that laymen might have been called in to help in the formation of these associations of worship

might even have stimulated them to some religious activity. It would have given them an additional interest in Church matters, and they would have at all events been brought into closer contact with the clergy. As it is, a wall has been raised between the clergy and the laymen. They only meet the curé now either as a collector of Church funds or see him in the distance as officiating at the altar or preaching in the pulpit. As a Church policy it does not look enlightened, and if religious faith is weakened in France it has been singularly facilitated by the Pope. Naturally as Catholics we must obey the Pope even in matters of Church discipline. But between doing what we are told to do and our mental assent there is a great difference. The Pope is infallible in doctrinal matters and must be obeyed in matters of discipline, but as regards the last, even while Catholics obey his orders they are free to consider them good, bad, or indifferent. In the present crisis it is certainly the conviction of many that the best orders have not been given. In mediæval days the Popes at times laid an interdict on a whole province or state. The churches were then closed, no sacraments administered, and the faithful were buried in unconsecrated ground. Such a measure had its effect on real believers, on a city or state where all without exception, or nearly all, had a strong religious faith and were ready to sacrifice everything in order to satisfy their religious aspirations, attend Mass, receive the Sacraments, &c. The measure of the Pope is, or will very soon be, equivalent to laying an interdict on France. The Government, it is true, will be the active agent and close the churches, but the Pope will be an impassive spectator. What will be the result? Most Frenchmen will simply shrug their shoulders, they will stir as little when the churches are closed as when the priests were driven out of their homes. Their faith is no longer strong enough to make them feel the slightest inconvenience as a result of the interdict, and the consequences will be ruinous to what little faith remains. We Catholics, therefore, after praying for the conversion of the Government, may well also pray for the conversion of the Pope.

Yours very truly,

A. BEAUMONT.

[It is not for us to interfere between the Pope and his loyal subject. We are rather glad our correspondent is not an Anglican. His letter evades, and by implication establishes our charge against the correspondents, that they deliberately fail to put before English readers the truth, which our correspondent in this letter admits, that the motive of the "atheist" French Government is anti-Christian. Our correspondent's conception of the business of a Church is seen in this letter to be precisely what we have always attributed to Catholic loyalists of his type—how it can most easily make its place with the world. That is not the doctrine on which Christianity grew up, and it will not be restored on it.—Ed. S. R.]

CHRISTIANITY IN FRANCE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Paris, 24 December, 1906.

SIR,—In reference to your article "Christianity in France", the conference of French Bishops in May last did reject unanimously the principle of the 1905 Disestablishment Law, but afterwards adopted by a majority of 59 out of 74 a scheme of canonical and legal associations which precisely was accommodated both to the 1905 Law and to the Constitution of the Church, and this the Encyclical of 10 August last ignored.

Yours truly,

LAURENCE JERROLD.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

10 York Place, Perth, 26 December, 1906.

SIR,—I desire to identify myself with "English Churchman" in thanking you for your clear and helpful article in a former issue, on "Christianity in France". "English Churchman" sees what is hid from the great mass of people in this country, and even then he only sees men as trees walking. Let us hope that as matters develop he will yet "see clearly".

It behoves every thoughtful man in this country to interest himself in this conflict. Never in the history of the world has such a conflict been witnessed. In previous years religion has been pitched against religion, Church against Church, sect against sect, Christianity against heathenism, but here we have for the first time, as I have said, a pitched battle between Christianity and a responsible Government of atheists; between the Church of God, the atheistical State of France; between religion and no religion; between men who love God above all things and men who hate Him and say that the country—and indeed the whole world—would be better without Him, for, to quote their own words, "There is more sin and misery where God is than where He is not".

"English Churchman" may well ask the question, "Are we blind? Have we been blind?" and the answer is, "Yes, blind as bats; blinder, if possible, for they can see in the dark, and we cannot see at all".

Let your readers study events in France, so as to be ready for the battle when it approaches their own shores; for, rest assuredly, it is only the prelude to what will happen here, which has already begun in the struggle between Church and State, for as it is true that where there is no bishop there is no Church, so where there is no Church there is no God, seeing that He founded it to be the one unfailing witness of His grace to man and the one ark of salvation.

Let then every man watch events, and he will see that, whatever happens, the Pope and the bishops will win the fight, seeing that they have One with them who is greater than all who can be against them.

What a mighty compliment these ungodly men are paying the Catholic Church when they openly say that to get quit of it they will get quit of God and of His Christ.

Yours, &c.

J. T. KEILLER.

GROWTH OF METROPOLITAN SUBURBS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

London, 27 December.

SIR,—On examining the statistics of the outer portions of the metropolitan area, which I have roughly divided from the central parts, so far as seems practicable when dealing with entire registration districts, I find a degree of uniformity in the results for two periods of ten years—viz. 1881-91 and 1891-1901—which at first struck me as being a little wonderful. The gain by migration affects every age, and is evidently due to the annual transfer of probably from 8,000 to 13,000 families, mainly from the central districts, to the various suburban areas. Supplementing this is a customary annual immigration of about 6,000 young women from the country districts to the metropolitan suburbs, almost entirely devoted to meeting the demand for domestic service. The central districts also receive a very important volume of immigrants, partly of like character but partly meeting trade demands, with the result that the losses of those districts to the suburbs at ages 15-35 are to a great extent neutralised. The salient features of the movement in the central parts, other than this, are the heavy losses of population aged 0-15 and 35 upwards, which nearly neutralise the natural increase by births in excess of deaths. These losses partly contribute to the suburban gains first mentioned. But they also comprehend the loss of some 3,000 or 4,000 women annually, who leave London on their marriage or for some other reason.

The crude birth-rates for the two decennial periods indicate a decline of about 7 per cent. in the centre and of more than 10 per cent. in the outer parts. Death-rates are, at the same time, reduced to the extent of about 6 per cent. Such a comparison of averages is, however, far short of representing the total fall, which up to date will not be far from twice as great. The highest birth-rates are met with in the inner eastern districts, where the average in 1891-1901 was 20 per cent. higher than in the outer east; in the residential western (inner) districts the birth-rate in the same period of ten years was only two-thirds as high as in the inner east, but the proportion of celibate servants was greater.

I notice that whilst children migrating into the suburban districts were not much more numerous in the second decennium than in the first, there was a considerably greater movement of persons aged twenty-five and upwards. I think this is due in a measure to the diminished numbers of children in a family, and perhaps partly to the larger accommodation for very small families now furnished in the shape of flats and small houses. The alien immigration and the indraught from the provinces of undesirables who aim at securing the advantages held out to the very poor in places like Poplar must consist almost entirely of persons aged twenty-five and upwards; and though these primarily reach the centre, some of them naturally drift to the suburbs as part of the general movement.

By taking in some districts on the verge of the metropolitan area, such as Barnet (which includes Finchley), Croydon, Epsom and Chertsey, I am brought to perceive the fact that these outlying districts, like the purely rural districts still farther out, send away many of their young men in search of work. If there be also a loss of young women, this is more than neutralised by the demand for female servants which exists wherever new suburbs are springing up.

Statistics of migration demand for their compilation particulars of the ages of the living and the dying; these are supplied for registration districts, and as respects the ages of the living, for smaller areas. Enough is therefore known to justify me in saying that were we able to group sub-districts at our discretion we should emphasise the distinctions I have drawn between central and suburban places, and very probably might be able to lay down the rough outlines of a true "outer belt" occupying an intermediate position between the definite suburbs and the wholly rural districts which lie farther away.

Even if we were enabled to bisect such registration districts as Lambeth, Islington and St. Pancras, instead of including them wholly in the central area, our results would be rendered clearer and more characteristic. The same difficulty renders a study of central as against suburban districts in other great towns so unsatisfactory as to discourage any attempt to follow it out. If deaths by ages were published in respect of all urban subdivisions this would favour the making of comparisons, and might stimulate sanitary improvements; incidentally, it would assist us in studying migrations.

Your obedient servant, THOS. A. WELTON.

THE QUEEN OF GIRLS' BOOK MAKERS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Epping Forest, 24 December, 1906.

SIR,—Your attack on Mrs. Meade's latest efforts in fiction is hardly answered by that lady—some of whose work I think is much better in quality and purpose than you suggest—in her letter to you this week. People who buy her books do not regard her as a novelist but as a writer for the young. Yet she admits that she does write novels which are intended only for adults. Obviously her double rôle is in itself a danger. Of course, Mrs. Meade's appeal from you to her young readers cannot stand. They may enjoy her books, just as they would enjoy many other things that are not good for them and are denied them in consequence.

Yours truly, E. S.

THE "GUARDIAN".

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

27 December.

SIR,—The "Guardian", I note, is to be converted into a limited company. One would like to think that the new arrangement will tend to restore the paper's prestige. At no very distant date, the "Guardian" of all "Church papers" most nearly represented the mind of the average English Churchman. Subsequently it acquired great influence on a higher plane. But recently it has suffered from more than one cause. If the proprietors want to restore its prosperity, let them bring back Dr. Lathbury. In his hand, if in anyone's, is the magician's wand.—Yours,

AN ANGLICAN LAYMAN.

REVIEWS.

"THE THEBAN EAGLE."

"The Olympian Odes of Pindar." Translated into English Verse. By Cyril Mayne. Cambridge: Macmillan and Bowes; London: Macmillan. 1906. 2s. 6d. net.

HORACE, though of a very different temperament, had a full and just appreciation of the genius of Pindar. He speaks of him with enthusiasm tempered with awe, "The would-be rival of Pindar is another Icarus, and may well fear the fate of the first."

. . . Vitreo daturus
Nomina ponto.

And then follows the well-known comparison with a rain-fed mountain-torrent :

"Fervet immensusque ruit profundo
Pindarus ore,
Laurea donandus Apollinari,
Seu per audaces nova dithyrambos
Verba devolvit numerisque fertur
Lege solutis ;"

We know now however that, in spite of the swiftness and wild impetuosity of Pindar's measures, they are not "lawless", but "steadily conform to the laws of Strophé, Antistrophé and Epode".

"It is all triumphant Art, but Art in obedience to laws."

Horace goes on to enumerate the various forms which his poetry took, but the "Epinikia" or songs for the victors in the Games, are the bulk of what is left us.

"Sive quos Elea domum reducit
Palma cælestes pugilemve equumve
Dicit et centum potiore signis
Munere donat."

And Mr. Mayne has modestly confined himself to giving us a version of the Olympian Odes.

In spite of Horace's warning, and the extreme difficulty of rendering Pindar's verse in terms of English poetry, Mr. Mayne is by no means alone in his enterprise. Setting aside many prose versions of varying merit, which seem to us to serve no good purpose in this relation, we have free paraphrases by Cowley, Heber, A. Moore, Cary, and many others. But none approaches any high standard. Conington's rendering of the fragments of Threnoi are worth noting, and John Addington Symonds has versified some of the "Epinikia" with great beauty and wonderful clearness. But of course by adopting a smooth regular metre he has lost the torrent-sweep of the original.

Here is a fragment of his—Ol. vi. 110 :—

"So came they to the high untrodden mound
Of Cronion ; and there a double meed
Of prophecy on Iamos was bound,
Both from the voice that knows no lie to heed
Immortal words, and next, when Heracles,
Bold in his counsels, unto Pisa came,
Founding the festivals of sacred peace
And mighty combats for his father's fame,
Then on the topmost altar of Jove's hill,
The seat of sooth oracular to fill."

Let us turn to Mr. Mayne's translation :—

"So to the lofty rock of Cronion's steep they wended,
Where on his son did the God bestow
Prophecy's two-fold treasure, to hear, till a time was
ended,
The voice that never a lie doth know ;
But when that counsellor brave should go,
Heracles, sacred shoot of Alceid stock, ordaining
For his sire a populous festival
And establishment of the games withal,
An oracle must be found to the altar of Zeus pertain-
ing."

The Greek of this is as follows :—

"Ἰκοντο δ' ὑψηλοῖο πέ-
τραν ἀλίβατον Κρονίων
ἐνθα οἱ ὤπασε θησαυρὸν διδύμον
μαντοσύνας· τόκα μιν, φωνὰν ἀκούεν
ψευδέων ἀγνωστον· εἴτ'
ἂν δὲ θρασυμάχανος ἔλθων
Ἡρακλῆς, σεμνὸν θάλος Ἀλκαῖδαν,
πατρός θ' ἱερτάν τε κτίση πλειστομυβρότον,
τεθμὸν τε μέγιστον αἰθλων,
Ζηνὸς ἐπ' ἀκροτάτῳ βωμῷ τῷτ' αὖ
χρηστήριον θέσθαι κέλευσεν.

These two renderings illustrate by their diversity and their comparative failure the real difficulty, one had almost said the impossibility, of producing an English Pindar. The first is poetical and smooth, far too smooth to be a reproduction of the original ; the second is uninspired and awkward, though more faithful in form to the Greek. Pindar can be translated into English only by a poet, and a poet, moreover, who shall be profoundly possessed by the true Hellenic spirit, and have also a mastery of those metres which combine the greatest apparent license with the strictest conformity with the wider laws of symmetry.

Mr. Swinburne, in the days of his "first fine careless rapture", might have essayed the task, and might have succeeded.

Mr. Mayne has been successful in preserving two of the characteristics of his original, irregularity of metre and obscurity of thought, but he has only given us a superficial presentation, in spite of his general approximation to the actual words of Pindar.

Turning to a detailed examination of the work, we find a good deal to criticise. Doubtful rhymes—"lord" and "abroad", "heed" and "whispered", "Olympia" and "car", "emprise" and "seas", "strain" and "Olympian", "deliverer" and "Himera".

Banalities and prosaic turns—

"How o'er water hot
In a seething pot

They did hack thy limbs with the knife for meat,
And thy flesh on the board did divide and eat.
But not by me must the Godhead be 'cannibal' yclept."

(He has many of these mock archaisms, "sith", "anent" &c.)

"Prosper this customary strain
That tells of the Olympian."

One or two slips may be due to the printer. "Cronian's mountain", "Mine to be poet of victors, of Hellene's honoured", but some of his renderings are at least dubious.

For example—Ol. ii. 150 :—

"Πολλά μοι ὑπ' ἀγκῶ-
νος ὥκεια βέλη
ἔνδον ἐντὶ φαρέτρας
φωνᾶντα συνετοῖσιν· ἐς
εἰ τὸ πᾶν, ἐρμηνίων
χαρίζεαι. σοφὸς ὁ πολ-
λὰ εἰδὼς φύσιν. κτλ."

He renders :—

"Many a swift shaft lies
'Neath my bended arm in my quiver's store,
With a voice for the hearers : but most have need
Of one to interpret. That man is wise
Who knoweth by Nature's lore,
But they who have learned are a chattering breed."

Surely the *συνετοί* here are those who are wise by nature, otherwise one misses the antithesis. Again, Ol. ix. 34, Μαλισταῖς ἐπιφλέγων αἰοδαῖς, "Ravens minstrelsy" is grotesque. "Ravens fire" may be suggested by *ἐπιφλέγων*, but it is the dazzling brightness of fire that is meant here, not its destructiveness.

Ol. ix. 154 :—

"Yet many men essay
To win renown by prowess monitory"

is hardly adequate or elegant for *ἐἰδακταῖς ὑπεραῖς*, even if it does rhyme triumphantly with "story" and "glory". Finally, on the question of metre once more,

Mr. Mayne can have no valid reason for alternating blank verse and rhyme in *Ol. vi.*

We have pointed out some of the obvious defects of this work. There is in it a certain amount of good verse-making, and an accurate verbal reproduction, on the whole, of the original. But as regards an adequate presentation of the fire and spirit of Pindar, his torrential flow, Mr. Mayne hardly improves on a good prose translation. Pindar is all sheer poetry, untrammelled inspiration, and it is small wonder that we have not yet seen a worthy English version, for such a version must be itself a work of inspiration. A very high flight, a very "ample pinion" is required to follow the "Theban eagle" through the heights of the heavens.

THE OLDEST OF INSTITUTIONS.

"The Family." By Helen Bosanquet. London: Macmillan. 1906. 8s. 6d. net.

"The Standard of Life." By Helen Bosanquet. 2nd Edition. London: Macmillan. 1906. 8s. 6d. net.

IT is a very satisfactory indication of the calm intelligence now devoted to the study of social questions that Mrs. Bosanquet republishes in a second edition the admirable essays collected under the title of "The Standard of Life". Readers of these essays will turn with interest to her new book on "The Family", and will find the same qualities of knowledge, a lucid style, and steady, unexaggerated presentation of fact and argument which distinguish the former book. It must be rather hard for a woman writing of the history of the family, which is so largely the history of the legal subjection of women, to write unemotionally. But Mrs. Bosanquet has been trained and disciplined in a severe school of logic and economics, and what she feels is strongly under the control of what she knows. She appears even to have no regrets in giving up that fairy tale of a time when woman ruled the family and man's place was subordinate. The matriarchate theory has gone the way of many theories about the origin of human domestic relations. It was very gratifying to feminists, and they did not willingly let it die. Mrs. Bosanquet gives it up without a struggle or suggestion that there was any substantial foundation for it. She makes some amends when she leaves historical ground and considers the modification of the family idea introduced by the modern claims of women for education not wholly directed to the domestic sphere and for political power. But Mrs. Bosanquet is not altogether "emancipated". She joins in the demands for women but not on the usual grounds. The much debated question of the intellectual differences of sex she puts aside without an answer. Whether the influence of women on public affairs would be beneficial or not she does not consider. It is solely from the standpoint of women's influence on the family itself that she is in favour of an extension of the sphere in which women may act independently in economics and in politics. The narrowness of the family circle is the most frequent accusation made against it; and this is largely due to the indifference of women to the greater currents of opinion outside. This is the greatest concession Mrs. Bosanquet makes to the views that the older ideals as to the family are becoming outworn.

Essentially she appears to think the family under all changes of form, and at every stage of political or industrial life, has been the same and will remain the same: at least that there is no good reason for trying to substitute it by any new revision. She believes in a natural division of labour between man and woman; and that women are not to do men's work in the world diversified with occasional interludes of maternity. One rather gathers, in fact, that the duties of married women in attending to the household and bringing up children have pretty well handicapped them from ever being serious competitors with men in business or politics. Mrs. Bosanquet refers to the serious injury to children where women, as in factories, are engaged in work which prevents them from being good mothers. We see here where she differs from a more advanced school of sociologists. To them women's labour is a fact of

modern life which must be accepted: family life has broken down and therefore the children must have other mothers than their own to bring them up. It is a very ugly difficulty: and it shows how after all, though the family may perhaps have to a certain extent determined the mode of life of the community, the mode of life does for us very much affect the form of the family. Mrs. Bosanquet finds some hope in the fact that the proportion of married women engaged in labour that takes them away from home is decreasing. With her anxiety for the presence of women at home, and the absorbing demands upon them there which she states, Mrs. Bosanquet differs from those advocates of her sex who apparently indulge the dream of a time when all the training that the widest education and experience of life in all its phases gives to man will be open to women as well. The married woman, who before marriage "pursued her studies" must drop them for the children; quite rightly, Mrs. Bosanquet says; quoting Sydney Smith that a woman would not desert her child for a quadratic equation. The glorious privileges of education and the franchise seem destined only to be of much use therefore to the unmarried women, who are, we may say unfortunately, cut off more or less completely from family life. This class must be compensated; for we see here another point at which family life has broken down. The family no longer provides as it used to do for its feminine members. Even the daughters of the higher families now, like their younger brothers, are placing themselves or being pushed outside into the great world to make the best of it. There must be an agreement between married women and their unmarried sisters as to the theory of the franchise. One theory is that the vote represents the family—Monsieur, Madame et Bébé—another that it is personal; we have the lodger vote and bachelors are not disqualified. We confuse the two theories. Perhaps married women, with some contemptuous indifference, might consent to unmarried women having the spinster vote with the lodger and the bachelor: and be content with her influence on the "household" vote. They would find much to induce them to act magnanimously in Mrs. Bosanquet's pages, which show how powerful their influence has been even when nominally they have hardly possessed legal rights at all, much less political privileges. Their most complacent views of themselves will not exceed Mrs. Bosanquet's. It would be possible to deal rather roughly with various aspects of family life, but her general tone is one of gentle optimism; and we are afraid it is the glorified ideal of the family rather than its materialised form that she traces for us. There are certainly possible chapters she has omitted. The origin of husband and wife, for instance, seems absurdly easy to trace; but whence the origin of the spinster and the bachelor: those possible founders of the family who yet remain unintegrated particles? Then the disintegration of the family as we read of it in the divorce and police courts? There is also the depopulation of the family of which statistics are telling us in new countries as well as in old. Mrs. Bosanquet, we suppose, no more than anyone else, has any scientific diagnosis; but her knowledge of social conditions and her personal experiences are so wide that a few chapters on these topics would have been more interesting than the rather familiar ancient law matter of the earlier pages.

PEASANT PROPRIETARY.

"Land Reform, Occupying Ownership and Peasant Proprietary." By Jesse Collings. London: Longmans. 1906. 12s. 6d. net.

"The Return to the Land." By J. Méline. London: Chapman and Hall. 1906. 5s. net.

TO provide an outlet for those who wish to return to the land and a prospect for those who are anxious to remain there, Mr. Collings proposes a system of land purchase with the assistance of the State. It is true that under the Small Holdings Act of 1892 the County Councils have power to purchase land, and

resell or let it in lots not exceeding fifty acres, but the methods have proved so difficult to work that some simpler means of acquiring land may be needed. A very considerable area of land suitable for peasant cultivation comes upon the market every year in the ordinary course of events, and if by some workable scheme a certain proportion of this land could be purchased and resold in small lots, the demand would be satisfied, and to some extent schemes savouring of confiscation arrested. No nation can possess a more valuable asset than a hardy peasantry, bound to the soil by the ties of ownership. These peasant proprietors can always be relied upon to act as a vertebral column in all the political wobbles of the national body. This is very distinctly seen in France and Germany where the socialistic leanings are kept in check almost entirely by the inability of the propagandists to make any impression on the peasant landowners.

It is also a matter of no small importance that the peasant cultivator is a greater producer of national wealth and of food, acre for acre, than the large farmer. In discussing such questions as our food supply in time of war, few people seem to realise to what an extent our own production is capable of increase. Taking the most reliable estimates, the annual value of the agricultural products of the United Kingdom may be reckoned at £175,000,000 and dividing this by the cultivated area of the country we find that the annual production per acre is approximately £3 13s. 6d. The meagreness of this amount is easily seen when it is compared with the production of the small cultivator. Mr. Collings, in speaking of the success of the small proprietors on the Woodrow Farm, Catshill—a farm purchased by the Worcestershire County Council under the Small Holdings Act—says, one man owning less than thirty acres received in a single year £600 for the produce raised on his holdings, and during the same year paid £240 for labour in addition to that of his own family. It would be no trouble to bring forward numerous other instances, for the small growers of potatoes, fruit and vegetables in Lincolnshire, Cornwall, Kent, and other places would find it impossible to pay their high rents and make a living if they did not realise from £20 to £30 an acre for their produce. The small dairy-farmers of Lancashire and Cheshire manage to produce milk, cheese, pigs and poultry to the value of £16 or £17, and even such a despised crop as wheat will bring in from £7 to £9 an acre. In the face of these figures it may well be asked why our national production is so low. The principal cause is that we have twenty-eight million acres of permanent pasture, from which the average annual return does not exceed £2 an acre. A further cause of low production is that a great portion of our land is held in large tenancies, often poorly farmed with insufficient capital, in nearly every case employing less labour and producing much less food per acre than if the same land were tilled by a dozen small holders.

In this connexion a quotation from Pliny given by Mr. Collings comes in very appropriately. "C. Furius Chrisimus, a freedman, gathered from a very small farm far larger harvests than his neighbours reaped off large estates, and so became an object of great ill-will, on the ground that he was attracting their crops on to his land by witchcraft. Whereupon he was cited for trial before the Curule Ædile. When the time came for him to come up for sentence, he brought his rustic implements into the Forum, leading in with them his strong, healthy household, well cared for and clad, his ironwork excellently made, &c. Then he said: 'My sorceries, Romans, are these, and yet I cannot display before you or bring into the Forum my early watchings, vigils, and the sweat of my brow.' Whereupon he was acquitted." This quotation is striking to one who remembers hearing farmers accuse the allotment holders of stealing their sheaves, because the crops on the allotments were larger than their own.

It is not, however, every small holder who produces maximum crops from his land. Many hardworking and intelligent men have had no opportunity of learning anything of the more advanced methods of crop production, and some system of technical instruction in soil culture that will reach the working people of our rural

districts is badly wanted. The preparation for this education might very well begin in our rural schools as suggested by Mr. Collings, and the school garden could become the medium for teaching a considerable amount of elementary knowledge as to the growth of plants, tillage of the soil, use of manures and other matters. The knowledge thus gained ought then to be followed up by more advanced work in evening continuation classes, but the provision of these classes would be of very little use without some inducement to attend them. Most of our educational theorists seem to imagine that by the use of school gardens and by interesting the children in the study of nature they will retain these children on the land, and that by evening classes, reading-rooms and other attractions they will induce young men to give up the idea of migrating to the town. No greater mistake was ever made. Nothing will induce young men to stay on the land unless there is a chance of success, they must see some better prospect than a mere living wage and parish relief. Provide near every village a series of allotments and small holdings of varying size, by which the industrious man can climb to the proud ownership of a small farm, and rural depopulation will cease, your evening continuation classes will be crowded, and best of all, you will establish a bulwark against which the destructive elements of socialism will beat in vain.

In M. Méline's book the same subject is approached from a somewhat different standpoint. While Mr. Collings would argue that our land system has divorced the peasant from the soil and it is now time he was given an opportunity to return, M. Méline, being convinced that the commercial supremacy of Europe is at an end, endeavours to show his countrymen that their future welfare is largely dependent on the development of agriculture. France no less than England seems to require awaking to the fact that no nation can be really prosperous that neglects her agriculture. The State has, however, done much more in France than in England. A system of local agricultural credit banks has been established and the authorities have placed at the disposal of these banks a capital of forty million francs, free of interest. Societies for the mutual insurance of cattle receive considerable subsidies and the sum devoted to agricultural education is at least fifteen times that given in this country. In spite of all this M. Méline sees abundant scope for further assistance. The French agriculturist has, however, not been behindhand in the matter of self-help. Co-operation in the preparation and disposal of produce has made rapid strides, and it is rather remarkable that while M. Méline insists that the remedy for most of the difficulties of agriculture is to be found in co-operation, the subject is never mentioned by Mr. Collings, though the peasant proprietor is the person whom it is most likely to benefit. We have much to learn from France, and M. Méline by constantly drawing examples from England makes his book as instructive reading for Englishmen as for his own countrymen. In fact, as Mr. Justin McCarthy says in his excellent preface, the book is remarkable in every sense.

A DICTIONARY IN THE MAKING.

"A Late Eighth Century Latin-Anglo-Saxon Glossary, preserved in the Library of the Leiden University." Edited by John Henry Hessels. Cambridge: At the University Press. 1906. 10s. net.

IN this work Mr. Hessels continues with great patience and learning the researches which have made his name well known to all students of mediæval glossaries. The glossary here published is contained in one of the manuscripts collected by Isaac Voss in the seventeenth century, and is now in the University Library at Leiden. Mr. Hessels' previous labours on this class of documents have enabled him to illustrate the matter contained in the present glossary by many apt illustrations taken from other compilations of a like nature. Not only has he traced and corrected

many of the corruptions to which works of this kind are peculiarly liable, but he has also shown that a good deal of glossarial matter is common to two or more of these compilations. The introduction contains a careful description of the manuscript and a full bibliography of the works used for the illustration of the text. Then follows an exact reprint of the glossary itself. Then come careful and elaborate indices occupying nearly two-thirds of the whole work, in which the words and expressions found in the glossary are arranged alphabetically and discussed elaborately one by one. Of these the first is the Latin index and the last the Germanic index. The relative sizes of these two indices, 167 pages as against 18 pages, show that the proportion of Germanic to Latin matter is but small. We took, quite at random, a single page, and found that it contained only a single Germanic gloss, all the other explanations being in Latin. Hence the title "Latin-Anglo-Saxon Glossary" seems to us a little misleading.

Two or three stages in the making of a dictionary are illustrated in the work before us. The first step is that some person, possibly a teacher who has to expound an author to his pupils, takes a copy of that author, and goes through it carefully, writing above the more difficult words an explanation of their meaning, either in simpler Latin, or in the vernacular. These explanations may vary from mere translations or synonyms to elaborate commentaries. Of the simpler kind of explanation take as instances from the present work, in Latin: *dogma*, *doctrina vel definitio*; in the vernacular: *castorius*, *bebor* (a beaver). Of the longer kind of explanation an interesting specimen is the gloss on *incantatores*, "*qui rem uerbis peragunt*". In regard to vernacular glosses it may be remarked that their value to the modern linguistic student is exactly the reverse of that which the original scribe intended them to have. For whereas he meant the vernacular to explain the Latin words, the modern student eagerly seizes on the Latin words glossed, as giving the clue to the meaning of obscure words in early vernaculars. The ancient Irish language was practically rediscovered and reconstructed by Zeuss through the Irish Glosses in the Würzburg MS. of S. Paul's Epistles, the Milan Commentary on the Psalms, and the S. Gallen Priscian; the glosses in the first two MSS. being rather of the nature of commentaries, while those in the third are more of the purely verbal kind.

To return, however, to the stages of our dictionary-making. The next step is taken when someone, wishing to have notes on the meanings of the difficult words occurring in the MS. which he happens to be using, but not caring to copy the whole, goes through it page by page and extracts all the words of which an explanation longer or shorter happens to be interlined. The words thus extracted occur of course in the order in which they are found in the original author, without any regard to alphabetical arrangement. Sometimes an indication of the source whence they are taken is preserved, at a later stage this is often obliterated. Both these stages are represented in the Leiden Glossary. As a rule the sections are headed with an indication of the work from which the glossed words are taken; e.g. "*Glosae uerborum de Canonibus*" (the *Canones Ecclesiastici* of Dionysius Exiguus); "*Item de Ecclesiastica Historia*" (Rufinus' translation of Eusebius), "*De Salamone*" (the Book of Wisdom), &c. But occasionally this indication is omitted; and it is an interesting illustration of the difficulty, which this omission throws in the way of the modern researcher, that only while the present work was passing through the press did Mr. Hessels discover that one of these anonymous sections was derived from Gildas, the querulous and obscure writer "*De Excidio Britannie*".

The last stage comes when some patient hewer of wood in the literary world takes these various glosses (perhaps combining two or more collections) and arranges them alphabetically. This stage is represented by such a work as the well-known glossary of Hugo or Hugucio of Pisa. In the present work it is represented only in those learned indices by Mr. Hessels himself of which we have already spoken. When this stage is reached we come very near to the dictionary proper.

The materials contained in glossaries, interesting

and valuable as they often are, need to be used with care and criticism for various reasons. One is that these glossators were by no means infallible. In the present work we have a gloss: "*Salamitis*, concubina Daud"; where, as Mr. Hessels points out, the Shulamite of the Song of Songs is confused with Abishag the Shunamite. Again glosses, before being extracted, are sometimes transferred to another copy of the same author, which, owing to a difference of reading, they may not suit. A possible case of this kind is the gloss "*Ebor*, arbor nigro colore" where there is an obvious confusion of ivory and ebony. Again, there is the extreme liability to textual corruption of words and phrases detached from their context, especially if they are in a language imperfectly known, or wholly unknown, to the transcriber. Classical scholars may amuse themselves by guessing what Greek words underlie the following: "*Erladiocten*", "*Capun periens matuytu*", "*Eynum*"; while biblical students may expound, if they can, "*Del et hnabot*". If, like the archbishop in "*The Yeomen of the Guard*", they are "pleased to give it up", Mr. Hessels will furnish the answer to these and other conundrums. Lastly, persons have often been misled into assuming as the actual meaning of a word, a sense which it only borrows from the special context in which it happens to occur. Let us take an imaginary instance. Suppose an English writer in one place to speak of the head of a mountain pass, and in another of the head of some Oxford or Cambridge college; and suppose that in the former passage the word *head* were glossed "*top, summit*", and in the latter "*provost*", because that happened to be the title of the head in that particular college, what should we think of the dictionary-maker who should make three distinct words:—

HEAD, the anterior part of an animal.

HEAD, top, summit.

HEAD, provost.

Yet this sort of thing constantly occurs in dictionaries based on an uncritical use of glossarial matter.

NOVELS.

"*The Belovèd Vagabond.*" By W. J. Locke. London: Lane. 1906. 6s.

Apart from its very considerable charm, the charm not only of an accomplished and picturesque style, but of an unconventional point of view, Mr. Locke's work is interesting as an illustration of the demands made upon the novelist by the conventions of the British art of fiction, and the fashion in which he complies with them. This is a story of vagabondage, and there is nothing for which the English people has less sympathy than a vagabond. It is a story of innocent promiscuous association of the sexes; and in what can the British people be said to have less belief? It is a story of a drunkard, not a refined imbibor of high-class wines, but a dirty, disreputable creature, who becomes fuddled with absinthe in low-class cafés; and what does our precise respectability hold in more abhorrence? It is the story of a genius who, when crossed in love, abandons the prize of a noble profession for a life of loafing idleness, and for what has our pushing and practical nature a more profound contempt? Yet handicapped by these disabilities, Mr. Locke has produced a book which might be admired in almost any home, and will cause regret only to the most discerning. He begins by making his hero a blend of Irishman and Gascon, nationalities to which the average Englishman allows a good deal and from which he expects very little. The Irish blood keeps the hero in touch with us, for it is impossible to interest us in a foreigner. Then as soon as the story opens he is packed off to France; a wise move, since offences against our moral and social standards move us less to wrath if the offenders have the tact to commit them abroad: a parallel may be found in our enjoyment but stern proscription of the Continental Sunday. But Paragot, the vagabond, though transported to France, far from indulging in moral caprices, juggles unharmed with dangerous situations in a fashion we would be

inclined to dub preposterous in our own country. Here once again is an advantage to the alien, of which the author has so tactfully availed himself. Paragot, fiddler and philosopher, picks up a girl of the people and, together with Asticot, his adopted son, they wander about the country playing at fairs and weddings in all the innocence of Arcadia. Admirable in France, be it Savoy or Provence or even the slums of Paris. But conceive the situation in Clapham; how our gorge would rise at it! So far, artistically, we have nothing to complain of. Mr. Locke has every right to his discreet avoidance of Great Britain and though he shows no great acquaintance with the country, and we feel to be in fairyland rather than in France, we have no desire to quit his amusing company. But when his consideration for insular opinion and the goodwill of the libraries persuades him to pull poor Paragot out of the Café Delphine, where he has long ago pledged the remnants of his self-respect for the drams of alcohol, "a shaking, hairy, dishevelled spectre", horribly unclean, and only possessed at intervals of his unclouded senses, button him into a frock-coat, spats, and lemon-coloured gloves, and send him across to England, beautifully reformed and disinfected, to make love to the daintiest and most lovely of her sex, we begin to mistrust his guidance, a doubt but momentarily dispelled on finding the philosopher back again in Paris, rending his frock-coat, stamping on his top hat, hurling his collar and black tie away from him, returned like the sow to her wallowing in the mire. For the repentance is a brief one; England, indeed, was impossible, but Mr. Locke is determined to rehabilitate his toper to save us from any uncomfortable reflections; and the last sight we have of Paragot is—"sacré nom d'un petit bonhomme!"—married, sober, a prosperous farmer, waving a pipe over his geese and his garden, and exclaiming in apostrophe: "Isn't this all the Holy of Holies of the Real!"

"The White Plumes of Navarre: a Romance of the Wars of Religion." By S. R. Crockett. London: Religious Tract Society. 1906. 6s.

Mr. Crockett might, and Mr. Hocking certainly would, have made a terrible nightmare of this story, which opens just after the Massacre of St. Bartholomew. With this reflection in our minds we are able to extract some enjoyment from the book as it stands. We are not sure that Mr. Crockett quite understands the temperament of Inquisitors, and we feel certain that Marguerite of Valois did not talk like a pert London barmaid to her husband Henry of Navarre. But there is a fairly interesting plot. The historical background is not unsuccessfully treated, and the assassination of the Duke of Guise is effectively worked in. But the amazing daughter of Philip II. who vainly throws herself at the hero's head, after a stormy career as the tool of the Jesuits, and then rises to histrionic heights of self-sacrifice, is too dazzlingly preposterous for our fancy.

LAW BOOKS.

"Erskine May's Parliamentary Practice." By T. Lonsdale Webster and William Edward Grey. Eleventh Edition. London: Clowes. 1906. 45s.

There is only one guide to the practice and procedure of the British Parliament and it has been known for sixty-two years as Erskine May. It was in 1842 that the first edition came out prepared by Sir Thomas Erskine May, Clerk of the House of Commons, Mr. Shaw-Lefevre at the time being the Speaker. From that time until 1893 the author superintended the issue of nine editions, and in that year the new editors Sir Reginald F. Palgrave, Sir Thomas Erskine May's successor, and Mr. Bonham-Carter, published the tenth. The eleventh edition now appears under joint editorship, Mr. Webster, Second Clerk Assistant of the House of Commons, editing Books I. and II., and Book III. being edited by Mr. Grey of the Committee Office. Perhaps the most important edition since the work was first projected was the tenth. Up to the ninth, in 1883, the procedure in Parliament had remained substantially what it had been in 1844. But "the hundreds of years which measure the existence of the House of Commons until 1883 did not occasion more changes in the order and practice of the House than have been effected during the ten years which have elapsed since the publication of the ninth edition." The

standing orders were then ninety-seven in number instead of fourteen as they had been in 1844. It was in 1893 therefore that this authoritative *vade mecum* of parliamentarians practically assumed its present shape. Thus amongst a multitude of other additions there appeared for the first time the chapter which describes the feature in private bill legislation known as the "Provisional Order System". But many important changes have taken place since 1893; amongst them the alteration in the Rules of Procedure embodied in the standing orders of the House of Commons in 1902, with the rulings upon them. There are alterations in the taking of divisions, experimental so far and not yet become part of the standing orders; and there are numerous alterations in Private Bill Procedure, the most important being the local inquiries now held in Scotland. Such a book could only be produced by editors who by virtue of their position are engaged in working the machinery it describes and who are in touch with officials of Parliament in every department.

"Principles of Equity." By John Indermaur. Sixth Edition. By Charles Thwaites. London: Barber. 1906. 20s.

When Indermaur's Manual of the Principles of Equity appeared twenty years ago it was immediately recognised as treating equity subjects in a far less cut-and-dried way than any similar book then accessible to students. It has always been one of the best of those books which manipulate for the elementary purposes of the student, including those of all the various law examinations, the erudite original work of such masters as Story. Mr. Indermaur had the art of doing this and Mr. Thwaites, having succeeded to his opportunities, has edited this new edition with similar skill. The book is now a substantial volume of 600 pages, concise, lucid, readable; and with all the matter accumulated during the last four years, statutes and three hundred new cases, is only very slightly increased in bulk. A student could not have a better textbook.

"Law Relating to the Colonies." By Charles James Tarring. Third Edition. London: Stevens and Haynes. 1906.

Lawyers know this book well: it is consulted on all legal points relating to colonial appeals or on constitutional questions which may arise between Great Britain and any of her colonies. Without further trouble they find here digested all the cases that have been decided in the Privy Council, and all the cases decided in other Courts of law in which colonial law has been considered. But it is also a book which would repay reading or consultation by politicians and others interested in the relations between Great Britain and her colonies. A merely casual reading of the chapter on "Imperial Statutes in Force relating to the Colonies" would be eloquently suggestive as to the part the central Government plays in the colonial system, at least in regard to legislation. In that sphere it acts more as a unifying power than in the sphere of administration. When these and similar matters are discussed at the Colonial Conference Mr. Tarring's book ought to be of great service.

"The Austinian Theory of Law." By W. Jethro Brown. London: Murray. 1906. 10s. 6d. net.

As students we remember we were advised to take our Maine as a kind of antidote to our Austin. In his recent reprints of Maine and this present volume Mr. Murray supplies the student with both. Maine and Austin suitably compounded according to more modern views have been incorporated into the new text-books on Jurisprudence but there is still great profit in acting on Bacon's—or is it Coke's—maxim *petere fontes*. As far as Austin is concerned Professor Jethro Brown enables this to be done by the present excellent edition of Austin's "Jurisprudence", Books I., V. and VI., and Austin's Essay on the Uses of the Study of Jurisprudence. These books comprise so much of the original "fountain" which it is still worth while to explore. To these Professor Brown has added excursions on "The State", "Sovereignty", "The English Judge as Law-maker", "Customary Law in Modern England", "A Consideration of some Objections to the Conception of Positive Law as State Command" and "The Science of State Law"—all generally speaking intended to defend the pure Austinian theory. They are clever, able essays, exceedingly interesting as a lighter variation of Austin's theme. The text is annotated and the whole volume may be heartily recommended to anyone who has read, say, Holland's "Jurisprudence".

"Banking and Negotiable Instruments." By Frank Tillyard. London: Black. 1906. 5s. net.

The study by business men of branches of the law specially connected with commerce is giving rise to a class of law books on rather different lines from those intended purely for lawyers. Such is the book on banking by Mr. Tillyard, Lecturer in Commercial Law at the University of Birmingham. The first edition was designed for business men: this second edition, with enlargements is adapted to the requirements of students preparing for the examinations of the Institute of Bankers. In fact it is not only an admirable text-book but ought to be a popular book and read by all classes of educated men. The art and mystery of banking touches all of us who have a cheque-book at our disposal, and our relations with our bankers are amongst the most interesting relations of life. Books like

this ought to be accessible on many other subjects; such for instance as the rights and duties connected with the family.

"Act of State in English Law." By W. Harrison Moore. London: Murray. 1906. 10s. 6d. net.

The subject with which the Dean of the Melbourne Law Faculty deals in this book raises all the cases in which the authority of the State is pleaded as a bar to the assertion of alleged rights in the State Courts. Its scope is somewhat ill-defined for we have no administrative law such as is known in Continental States, and, as Mr. Moore says, "Act of State" fills a very small place in our legal system. Our Courts whenever the Crown pleads an Act of State, in the case of a British subject, exercises the power of inquiring whether actually the Crown had authority to do the act it relies on as ousting jurisdiction. They would not admit, for example, that the Crown could by treaty abrogate a subject's rights under the ordinary law. Only in the case of aliens do they assume the right, and only then on strict proof that the Crown agents have been authorised to do the acts in question. Into what finesses matters of this sort may run may be seen from the fact that while the Crown may prevent aliens from entering the country, it is well established that it cannot, without the sanction of Parliament, expel a friendly alien settled here. Mr. Moore has taken a generous view of what his subject includes, and his book is not only interesting to read but it will facilitate the work of those high legal personages whose dignified labours lie on this borderland of international and municipal law. We may add that Mr. Moore would have started his readers with a clearer idea if he had begun by calling attention to the fact that "Act of State" is regarded by some writers as only strictly applicable to the Crown's dealings with aliens. Thus there would have been a natural division from the first between British subjects and aliens. We may notice also a rather puzzling misprint on p. 36 where "Great Britain had not got a little good by international law" we suppose means a "title" good by international law.

"The Law of the Limitation of Actions." By H. T. Banning. Third Edition by Archibald Brown. Stevens & Haynes. 1906. 16s.

It is the fate of a law-book either to be superseded or when the name of the author has been peculiarly associated with a subject, to become a different book under the same name. This is what has happened to "Banning". Mr. Brown, as it were, gets the goodwill and keeps up the name of the founder of the firm for the sake of the prestige. In plain words Mr. Brown was intending to publish a treatise of his own, but he and the publishers arranged instead that he should bring out this third edition of the old Banning; the result is that there are only thirty pages of the original left. This plan, ruthless though it may appear, is better than an attempt to incorporate much new matter into an old text; and the publishers may be congratulated on having prevented the rivalry of the old Banning with a new Brown in a manner satisfactory to the legal profession. It is remarkable when one thinks of it that statutes passed in one case nearly three hundred years ago and in another over seventy should still be contributing their quota to the fifteen hundred cases which are cited in this volume.

"Playright and Copyright in all Countries." By William Morris Colles and Harold Hardy. London: Macmillan. 1906. 7s. 6d. net.

Numerous as are books on copyright-law we believe that this is unique. Its sub-title describes it as intended to show how to protect a play or a book throughout the world. An immense amount of labour has been devoted to its production, and it is as practical a guide to the intricacies of copyright in foreign countries as the Postal Guide is to communications with them. There are the fifteen countries in the Copyright Union, together with the British and French Colonies; then there are the countries outside the Union some of whom have made treaties with countries in the Union giving copyright under particular conditions, and others again without making treaties may or may not protect foreign authors' copyright in a greater or less degree. The formalities that have to be observed are all set out, and the differences if any between the protection afforded to native and foreign authors are described. There are useful chapters on the translations of novels and other works; and all the acts in Great Britain and America, the conventions and orders in council &c. are set out in an Appendix of over a hundred pages. The work will be of the greatest assistance to authors, publishers, literary agents, and lawyers.

FRENCH REVIEWS OF ARCHÆOLOGY AND ART.

"Journal des Savants." Octobre, Novembre. Paris: Hachette. 3 fr. each number.

In "Papyrus récemment découverts", M. H. Weil reviews "The Hibeh Papyri", recently published by Messrs. Grenfell and Hunt, and makes some interesting and most scholarly suggestions as to the new texts. M. G. Faguer criticises the biography of the Duc de Nemours, Louis Philippe's second son, edited by M. René Bazin, who has not displayed in this historical work the same merits as in his charming novels.

"Les clauses métriques", by M. H. Bornecque, and "La 'Thébaïde' de Stace" (I.), by M. G. Lafaye, are valuable contributions to the history of Roman literature. The inscription on a Buddhist reliquary discovered eight years ago at Piprawa, and its latest reading, form the subject of a good article by M. A. Barth. The November number opens with a masterly study by M. P. Foucart on "Les campagnes de M. Antonius Creticus contre les pirates". M. G. Lafaye concludes his article on "La 'Thébaïde' de Stace", and M. C. Joret in "Un naturaliste voyageur de la fin du XVIII^e siècle: Joseph Dombey" reviews a most interesting biography of this celebrated South American traveller by Dr. E. T. Hamy. The latest editions of Henry Houssaye's "1814 et 1815" afford M. G. Pariset the opportunity of praising once more this fine book. M. R. Cagnat calls our attention to a very ancient papyrus published by J. Nicole, containing "Un catalogue romain d'œuvres d'art".

"Revue Archéologique." Septembre, Octobre. Paris: Leroux. 6 fr.

Miss Gertrude Lowthian Bell gives us the fourth instalment of her "Notes on a Journey through Cilicia and Lycaonia", devoted this time to the remarkable and important Byzantine ruins at Daoulah. M. Clermont-Ganneau contributes an excellent and scholarly article on some "Nouvelles inscriptions palmyréniennes", first published by M. Chabot in the "Journal Asiatique". "Recherches critiques sur Vitruve et son œuvre" (III.), by M. Victor Mortet, is a clever study of an interesting subject. "Les massues en bronze du Chelif et de la Chiffa (Algérie)", described by Dr. E. T. Hamy, are very puzzling. M. Arthur Mahler contributes an article (in German) on the sculptures representing "Leto mit ihren Kindern", and M. P. Monceaux continues his "Enquête sur l'épigraphie chrétienne d'Afrique".

"L'Art et les Artistes." Octobre, Novembre. Paris: 173 Boulevard St. Germain. 1.50 fr. each number.

In the shape of a monograph of the great French painter Courbet, M. Gustave Geffroy gives us in the October number a capital lecture on aesthetics and realism in general. M. Octave Uzanne contributes an article on another French painter, Helley, who is the exact antithesis of Courbet. "La Galerie de tableaux du roi Charles I^{er} de Roumanie" is reviewed by M. William Ritter, and M. Tei-San gives us his ideas on "Les tendances de la peinture japonaise". M. Léandre Vaillat would perhaps have done better to keep his "Impressions de voyage" to himself: he seems no more to have understood "Les pierres d'Oxford" than if he had never been near the place. In the November number we get first an excellent study by M. Philippe Anguier illustrating the works of Pierre Puget, on the occasion of the erection of a monument at Marseilles to Louis XIV's genial sculptor. M. Maurice Guillemot's "Le Mois artistique" reviews "Le Salon d'Automne", which contains this year, as usual, some very attractive pictures.

"Gazette des Beaux-Arts." Octobre, Novembre. Paris: 8 Rue Favart. 7.50 fr. each number.

"Le Troisième Centenaire de Rembrandt en Hollande", by M. F. Schmidt-Degener, gives us the principal features of the exhibition of Dutch pictures recently held at Amsterdam. In "Quelques Maîtres des vieilles écoles néerlandaise et allemande à la Galerie de Bruxelles" (1^{re} article), M. Emil Jacobsen endeavours to identify some of the Brussels pictures hitherto attributed to unknown artists. "L'Art français à la Cour de Mecklembourg au XVIII^e siècle: J. B. Oudry et le grand-duc Christian-Ludwig", by M. Jean Locquin, is a good contribution to the history of French art in Germany. M. F. de Mely studies in his usual pleasant and learned way "La 'Mise au sépulcre' de Solesmes et les signatures de Vasordy et Faberti", and M. Emile Michel gives us a good biography of the French artist Auguste Ravier (1814-1894). The most notable article in this number is "Le Van Eyck de Bruges: Une lettre de Gambetta", by M. Joseph Reinach, showing the great "tribun" in the part of a refined and excellent art critic. "La Collection Reeve au British Museum (Dessins d'Artistes de l'Ecole de Norwich)", by M. Arthur Mayger Hind, is very good too.

In "Les Antiquités Egyptiennes au Musée du Louvre: Les dernières acquisitions" (November), M. Georges Bénédite gives us a sketch of the activity of his Department at the Louvre during the last years. The author is entirely wrong in his theory about the relations between Theban art and the supremely beautiful bust of the heretic King Amenhotep IV. —Akhoniatoun—one of the most glorious acquisitions the Louvre ever made; far from being "l'un des exemplaires les

(Continued on page 814.)

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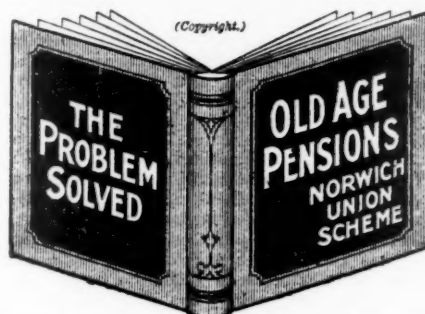
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plus représentatifs de la transformation subie sous le règne du roi hérétique par l'art officiel", it is the natural outcome of Thebes' highly realistic traditions in figuring human beings, and represents certainly not a schism in Theban art as M. Bénédite chooses to call it, but a climax, a *κορυφή* in that same art. M. Denis Roche gives us a first article on "Un Peintre Petit-Russien à la fin du XVIII^e siècle et au commencement du XIX^e"; Vladimir-Loukitch Borovikovsky (1757-1825)". M. Paul Lafond studies "La Chapelle San José à Tolède et ses peintures du Greco", and M. Léonce Bénédite continues his monograph of J. J. Henner. "Un Vitrail profane du XV^e siècle", by MM. Lucien Bégule and Emile Bertaux, puts before us an extremely interesting example of an early stained-glass window, representing chess-players, in the possession of the Countess de Fleurieu. "Notes sur l'Exposition de Milan", by M. Roger Marx, and "Correspondance de Roumanie: l'Exposition nationale jubilaire de Bucarest", by M. Ritter, are interesting.

"La Revue de l'Art Ancien et Moderne." Octobre, Novembre. Paris: 28 Rue du Mont-Thabor. 7.50 fr. each number.

"La Cachette de Karnak et l'école de sculpture thébaine", by M. G. Maspero, is one of those masterly studies in which form and substance equally combine to fascinate the reader. The eminent member of the Institute gives us this time a glimpse of the treasures unearthed during the last four years from the hiding-place where the first Ptolemies had thrown the ex-votos of all descriptions, sculptures, statues, stelae, in wood, in bronze, or in stone, accumulated during two millenniums and a half within the precincts of Amon's great Theban shrine. The finds, which are far from being exhausted, illustrate already nearly the whole history of Theban art; very fine reproductions are given of the more important ones. M. A. Kleinclausz concludes "Les Peintres des ducs de Bourgogne", and M. Henri Clouzot "Les Peintres du Château d'Oiron", whilst M. Fournier-Sarlovèze continues "Les Peintres de Stanislas-Auguste", with Louis Marteau, Vincent de Leseur, Daniel Chodowiecki and Joseph Pitschmann. A short commentary by the late M. Bouchot introduces a fine lithograph by M. Toupey of a "Portrait d'une dame de la cour des Valois". M. L. Maeterlinck contributes a good article "A propos d'une œuvre de Bosch au Musée de Gand", and M. Alfred Perière a notice on "Les Cartes à jouer, à propos d'un livre récent".

The November number gives us M. Jules Guiffrey's and M. G. Maspero's concluding articles on "Les Dumoustier, dessinateurs de portraits au crayon", and on "La Cachette de Karnak et l'école de sculpture thébaine". M. Ed. Sarradin devotes some good pages to "Gustave Courbet à propos de l'Exposition du Grand-Palais". Leaving aside, as a matter of course, M. Maspero's grand contribution on Karnak, perhaps the best article in this number is by a comparatively new comer, M. Louis Dumont-Wilden, whose "Artistes contemporains: Paul Renouard" is perfectly charming, and a real model of 'cute art criticism. In "Trois armes de parade du Musée de Badajoz", M. Pierre Paris endeavours to throw some light on certain monuments which he attributes to early Iberic art. M. Marcel Montandon (Correspondance de Bucarest) reports on "L'Art roumain, et l'Exposition jubilaire".

"Art et Décoration." Octobre, Novembre. Paris: Librairie Centrale des Beaux-Arts. 2 fr. each number.

M. Camille Maclair contributes a very good article in the October number on the Spanish painter Sorolla y Bastida, whose works, exhibited last June at the "salle Petit", created quite a sensation; the coloured extra-plate reproducing one of the artist's best pictures, "Préparation des raisins secs", now at the Luxembourg, is very fine. "Stylisation, Etude dans les Arts Anciens", by M. E. Grasset, and "Les Pochoirs japonais" by M. J. L. Vaudoyer are both capital additions to our knowledge of technique in art. M. C. Maclair opens the November number also—this time with a review of the "Salon d'Automne" and its principal pictures. "Les Céramiques de Grand-Feu: la Porcelaine et le Grès-cérame", by M. Taxile Doat, is most interesting—as also "Quelques Affiches", by M. P. Verneuil.

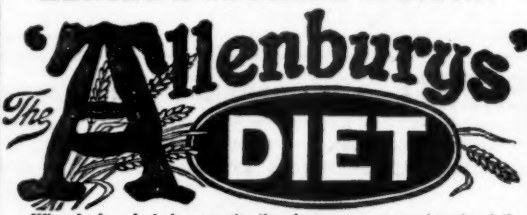
"Les Arts." Octobre, Novembre. Paris: 24 Boulevard des Italiens. 2 fr. each number.

The whole of the October number is devoted to an excellent and complete monograph, by M. Paul Lafond, of that great but enigmatic and mysterious master, Domenikos Theotokopuli (commonly called Il Greco), who, born in Crete towards the middle of the XVIth century, settled in Spain after having passed a few years in Italy, and became one of the glories of the Spanish school; the numerous illustrations give very good reproductions of the master's principal works, most of which are in Spain. The November number contains a second very good article on "La Collection de M. Albert Maignan", but this time by M. Gaston Migeon, and devoted to the works of the Middle Ages and of the Renaissance, of which the collection contains many excellent specimens. M. Louis Vauxcelles studies "Courbet au Salon d'Automne", M. René Thorel "La Chasse de Saint Calmine conservée dans l'église de Mozac (Puy de Dôme)"—a most important Limoges work of the end of the XIIth century, and M. Tristan Destève introduces "La Collection de M. Claudius Côté".

For this Week's Books see page 816.

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